THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly Magazine
Founded A° D¡ 1728 *by* Benj. Franklin

JUNE 8, 1907 FIVE CENTS THE COPY

THE MISCHIEF-MAKER

By ROBERT W. CHAMBERS

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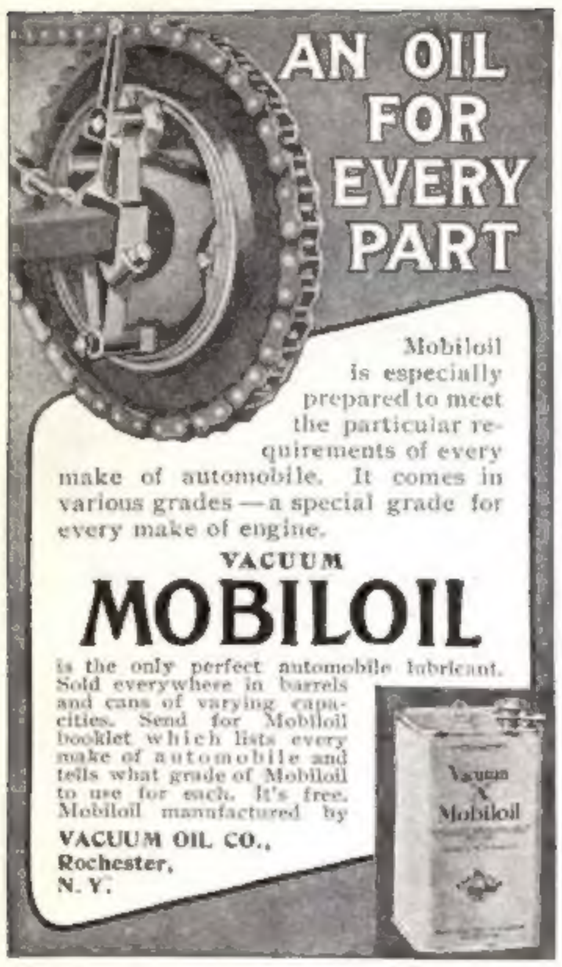
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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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A Brief History

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST is the oldest journal of any kind that is issued to-day from the American press. Its history may be traced back in a continuous, unbroken line to the days when young Benjamin Franklin edited and printed the old Pennsylvania Gazette. In nearly one hundred and eighty years there has been hardly a week—save only while the British army held Philadelphia and patriotic printers were in exile—when the magazine has not been issued.

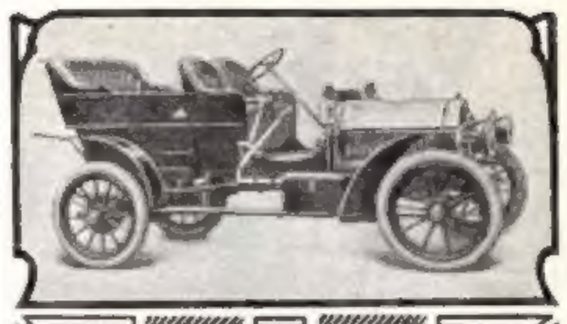
During Christmas week, 1728, Samuel Keimer began its publication under the title of the Universal Instructor in all Arts and Sciences and Pennsylvania Gazette. In less than a year he sold it to Benjamin Franklin, who, on October 2, 1729, issued the first copy under the name of the Pennsylvania Gazette. Franklin sold his share in the magazine to David Hall, his partner, in 1765. In 1805 the grandson of David Hall became its publisher. When he died, in 1821, his partner, Samuel C. Atkinson, formed an alliance with Charles Alexander, and in the summer of that year they changed the title of the Gazette to THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

To Our Canadian Readers

The Canadian government has increased fourfold the rate of postage on American periodicals sent to Canada. We are, therefore, forced into making a corresponding increase in the subscription price of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST to Canadian subscribers. Hereafter the subscription price of THE POST when sent to Canada will be TWO DOLLARS AND A HALF THE YEAR. This increase in price will partially meet this advanced cost of mailing. Canadian subscriptions *already on our list* will be continued to the expiration of their present terms without further payment. We will ourselves pay the additional cost of mailing these subscriptions already entered.

The Wage-Wife

The woman who toils has become a recognized part of our industrial system. Now there comes a new phase of the question: What of the wife who earns her daily bread—the girl who, after the wedding, remains in the factory or sweat-shop? Such women are increasing in number every day. That their attitude will materially affect all the old problems of marriage and the home, that it may even alter national economics, is at once evident. In his article on The Wage-Wife, Dr. Walter Weyl tells how these women work and live, and suggests their effect on the labor question.



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worn under the shirt, give you that desirable neglige appearance. The sliding cord ends and the movable ring on the back adjust naturally with every movement of the body permitting the greatest ease and freedom of motion—at the same time giving perfect trousers' support. You **see no** suspenders; you **feel no** suspenders. They cannot bind under the arms, nor tear off buttons; there's no vise-like grip across the shoulders but solid comfort everywhere.

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Sense and Nonsense

The Whet

The day that I loaf when I ought to employ it
Has, somehow, the flavor which makes me enjoy it.
So the man with no work
He may joyously shirk
I envy no more than I do the Grand Turk.
He most is in need of a holiday who,
In this workaday world, has no duty to do.

The dollar I waste when I ought not to spend it
Buys something no plutocrat's millions could lend it.
For the man who has lost
All his power to exhaust
Has lost the relation of pleasure to cost.
I'm sorry for him who is late in discerning
The pleasure of spending is most in the earning.

My little success which was nearest complete
Was that which I tore from the teeth of defeat.
And the man who can hit
With his wisdom and wit
Whenever he wills it, I envy no whit.
The genius whose laurels grow always the greenest
Has pleasure in plenty, but misses the keenest.

—*Edmund Vance Cooke.*

At the Rainbow's End

AT A RECENT dinner in Philadelphia Archbishop Ryan and Rabbi Joseph Krauskopf were seated side by side. In front of them was one of those celebrated Virginia hams which make the mouths of men water.

Turning to his neighbor the Archbishop inquired graciously:

"My dear Rabbi, when may I help you to some of this delicious ham?"

With ever-ready wit, the Rabbi smilingly replied:

"At your wedding, your Grace."

His Only Solution

UNDER a tall sycamore in an old-fashioned New England graveyard lie the bones of a once distinguished lawyer. His grave is marked only with a plain headstone containing his name and this epitaph:

"Here lies a lawyer and an honest man."

An Irishman invaded the burying-place one day and, after reading the epitaph a second time, remarked:

"There must be two men in that grave."

Not Appreciative

AN ENFRANCHISED female of the Northern States, living up to her ideas on the race question, emulated the courtesy of our beloved Theodore by asking old Aunty Comfort to dine with her. Seated at the table, the enfranchised lady sought to emphasize her hospitality by graciously remarking:

"Now, Aunty, I suppose your Southern white people would not allow you to sit at the table with them?"

"'Deed dey wouldn't," responded Aunty with crushing emphasis. "Mah white folks is gentlemans, dey is."

Ears in Need of Mending

WHILE medical science is able to retard to some extent the progress of deafness, it is usually helpless to cure the affliction—chiefly because the inner ear is out of reach. The physician cannot see it, nor yet get at it for purposes of treatment. This, in view of the rapid increase of deafness (the trouble being spread by intermarriage of deaf persons), is very unfortunate.

Behind the drum of the ear are three little bones, interlocked, the innermost of which impinges upon an inner drum. On the farther side of the inner drum is a series of closed chambers which are lined with membrane and contain a fluid. The fibres of the auditory nerve terminate in the membrane.

Now, of course, the blood is continually pouring through the vessels associated with these structures. Under ordinary conditions, in doing so, it excites no attention. But if congestion or any other cause disturbs the balance of pressure, the circulation makes itself audible, and ringing or other sounds are plainly heard.

Anybody who goes into a perfectly silent place, and listens, will hear a faint sound, which is produced by the circulating blood. Or, under any circumstances, if he puts his fingers in his ears, or his head under water, he will distinguish quite a loud roaring.

One of the most unpleasant features of deafness is these noises, which are quite varied in character, including sounds that mimic the twittering of birds, the roaring of a waterfall, the blowing-off of steam, the blowing of a distant horn, the scraping of a bow upon a fiddle-string, and the tolling of fire-bells. These noises doubtless have relation to different nerve-endings; but the tolling of the fire-bells is due to the beating of the pulse in the carotid artery.

A Rebel in the Woods

A truant from treadmill duty—a rebel—I ran away,
And out in the balm-steeped woodland I searched for my youth to-day.
The weight of the years I carried was swept as dust on the breeze,
And I, on the feet of childhood, danced in the dusk of the trees.

I sought the witch of a brooklet and blindly followed her lead,
And out of her moss-lined cuskins I drank of a leaf-sweet mead;
I captured the bindweeds' holdings and poached on the mandrakes' claim,
Till lured to the swampy jungle by jets of the mallows' flame.

For trophy of scattered acorns I went at a whim's behest;
In a grapevine's twisted cable I swung to a land of rest.
The blue through the leafy lacework was not of the world's cold skies,
But the sacred sapphire-crystal deep-down in a baby's eyes.

I felt that a wildling pixy disguised was each fern's light frond—
The breeze, tip-tilting the cedar, a Merlin with mystic wand;
In the quick, clear pipe of a cricket a wood-elf's bugle rung:
With magical pearls and opals the reeds in the brook were strung.

The flint-white cups in the caverns held pools that were charmed, in truth,
By spell of a child's wild fancy—the fabulous dreams of youth:
A fine, mysterious powder from the crushed gray lichen cast
Set loose in the long wood-vistas the scent of the faded past.

From gloam of the cool, sweet temples of hollow and fern-grown glen,
From chapels of peace-filled silence I went to the world again,
Thrilled by the old sweet sermons of water and flower and sod,
With more of love for my neighbor and deeper faith in my God.

—*Harriet Whitney Durbin.*

The Magic Card

SAMUEL PHILLIPS VERNER, the African traveler, a few months ago received a call from Cardinal Gibbons, of Baltimore, who desired some information from him about Catholic missions in Africa.

Mr. Verner, who is still quite a young man, was out and, returning to his apartments, found the Cardinal's card, which he slipped into his vest pocket.

Leaving a surface car in Broadway, a few days later, Mr. Verner accidentally trod on the toes of a stout man about to enter the car. Although Mr. Verner promptly and courteously apologized, his victim would not be appeased and applied to him a vile epithet.

Instantly the young South Carolinian's fist shot out and took the man on the nose, and, before the latter had recovered from his surprise, Mr. Verner had landed two or three other hard blows.

The conductor interfered, and, as a crowd collected, one of Broadway's "finest" ran forward and laid a heavy hand on Mr. Verner's shoulder. At the same moment Mr. Verner mechanically reached into his pocket for one of his own cards, but luckily drew out the Cardinal's, and, without looking at it, passed it to the policeman.

The officer, a Titanic Celt, glanced at it, stood at attention, crossed himself and, bowing grandly, said: "Your Riverence," and handed the card back to him. That closed the incident.

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It Gathers the Shirt and Fastens to Trouser Button.

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Always invisible. Easy to put on and take off. Is **double adjustable** and may be **tightened** and **loosened** in **front** and **back** to suit wearer's requirements. Fastens at each hip button of the trousers, and support them perfectly. **Cool, comfortable, and negligee.** For sale at all good shops or sent, post-paid, on receipt of **50c.**

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The Estabrook Press, 181 S. Tremont Street, Boston

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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THE MISCHIEF-MAKER

By Robert W. Chambers

DIANA'S CHASE

I

MANNERS was waiting as Kelvin came in, keeping his appointment to the minute.

They greeted each other simply and sincerely, and for an instant Manners' lean, attractive features lighted up. Then the expression of perplexity returned; he raised his glass, rattled the ice in it, found it empty, and glanced across at young Kelvin, who nodded.

"Two more, then," said Manners to the club servant who answered the pressure of his walking-stick on the electric button. And, to Kelvin, "It is a very warm morning," he remarked politely.

"It is more than warm, it is hot," observed Kelvin. And, after a decorous pause: "You say you have something not entirely agreeable to confide to me, William?"

"I—well it depends on what you consider disagreeable. By the way, what on earth have you stuffed into your coat-pockets? They're all bulging out of shape."

Kelvin reddened and muttered something unintelligible; then, with a trace of irritation:

"What's this unpleasant matter you wish to discuss? I'm rather in a hurry, William."

Manners gave a slight start. "Certainly," he said; "I am going to tell you the whole thing. I—I hate to do it, but I'll have to, sooner or later, because"—and the worried expression came into his face again—"because it so vitally affects—ah—several people."

"Me?" asked the other anxiously.

Manners produced a freshly-ironed handkerchief, shook out the folds, and, picking up his single eyeglass from the string where it dangled, began to polish it. Once or twice he held it up to squint through it.

"I'd better begin at the beginning, hadn't I?" he asked, with a nonchalance plainly assumed.

"Naturally, unless you're a Chinaman," said Kelvin uneasily.

"Very well, then; the whole thing began when I went ——" He stopped abruptly. "But you didn't know about that, did you?"

"About what?" snapped Kelvin.

"About where I went?"

"When?"

"Th—that time ——"

"What time?" demanded Kelvin in growing apprehension. "Look here, William, you're getting on my nerves. Are you afraid to tell me about this matter which you say concerns me?"

"No, I'm not afraid—I mean, I'm not very much afraid of you. So I went there—but you didn't know about that, did you?"

"Know about what?" demanded the other, exasperated.

"Why, about my going to Doctor Duncan's Sanatorium."

"No, I didn't. What did you go for?"

"I went," said Manners, "because I was smoking too much. I tried to break off—found it hard, got several kinds of fidgets, and then it occurred to me that it would be easier for somebody else to take the trouble to cure me than for me to bother about curing myself. Of course, I'd heard of Doctor Duncan. Everybody has. Even you have, haven't you?"

"Of course," muttered Kelvin, who had heard nothing of the sort.

"Well, I'd read something about the treatment of disease by hypnotism and mental suggestion. Everybody is discussing it these days, though it's an old story in Europe, where the most celebrated scientists have been for years reporting marvelous discoveries and amazing cures." His rising inflection made it a question. Kelvin nodded wisely, and the other continued:

"You know how it's been here in America; fear of ridicule and hidebound professional conservatism have prevented our physicians from experimenting or attempting to practice it. Duncan is the only eminent man in his profession who has been brave enough to take it up. Be patient, Eric; I'm coming to your case presently."

Manners removed his monocle in order to see more clearly what expressions were chasing themselves over Kelvin's disconcerted countenance.

"What do you mean by *my* case?" demanded Kelvin. "What have I to do with this dinky affair?"

But Manners ignored the question and an offered cigar with a troubled sigh and, as Kelvin set fire to his own cigar, he went on:

"Doctor Duncan has worked miracles in mental suggestion. He has cured the intemperate, he has corrected the moral equilibrium, made bad people good, restored to sanity the mentally stricken. Think of that, Eric!"

"I am. What of it?"

"This, that, although he performs modern mysteries and miraculous marvels, his magic is purely scientific; he reasons coolly; he operates with nothing more occult than common-sense. Clear, cold reason is Duncan's only assistant. There's no use of anybody shouting 'Mountebank!' at him; he's one of the most widely-known and most highly-respected physicians in active practice; an author of a dozen scientific works which have been crowned by the French Academy and praised by scientists the world over; a lecturer at Oxford, the Sorbonne and Harvard. And, Eric?"

"What?"—sullenly puffing his cigar.

"He not only cured me of that vile habit of smoking, which I notice you still indulge in, but he did it by absent treatment."

"You mean he sat in his office and worked a sort of mental rabbit-foot on you?—a kind of hoodoo on your smoking while you went about town on your own affairs?"

"Exactly. I, as you say, strolled about, not concerning myself with any part of the treatment; but in a day or two I began to find that I didn't like to smoke. That's what he did to me."

"By just—just thinking about you, at so much a think?" asked Kelvin flippantly.

"Precisely. And I was so pleased that I took another course from him. That was where trouble began. I had him treat me for mental vacuity. And look at me now! Why, Eric, my head is full of thoughts—simply swarming with all kinds of bright ideas."

"You mean to say that he did this for you?" jeered Kelvin, unconvinced.

"He certainly did," said Manners modestly. "The first thing I noticed I began to exhibit faint traces of intelligence. About a fortnight later I had incubated and hatched an original idea, and, when I had found that an idea or two relieved the pressure on the mental vacuum, I began to wonder about all that business of thought transmission and mental influence, the same old thing that has been threshed out by everybody—even by you, it appears."

He waved his monocle and looked wearily at Kelvin.

"Same old thing," he said apologetically, "but vitally interesting to me because I'd just been treated. So I got some of Duncan's books and read 'em; thought a little, went and got some more books; thought a little more, went to Columbia University to hear some lectures ——"

"You!"—in derision.

"Ya-as. And one day, sitting in this same foolish club window, the knob of my stick under my chin, I began to wonder whether I couldn't do a few stunts myself—particularly in that matter of mental influence exercised upon somebody at a distance. I thought what a help I might be to you, for example."

Kelvin sought his glass with unsteady fingers. "Go on," he said.

"So," continued Manners simply, "I tried it—on several people—various things on various people ——"

"Friends?" demanded Kelvin in some excitement.

"Some were friends—fellows I knew. Some were—ah—strangers—several pretty girls whom I noticed through the windows. It was a bright spring morning. I saw a number of agreeable girls on Fifth Avenue—one in particular curiously resembled—ah—a very charming girl I admire exceedingly ——"

"Do you mean to say that you attempted your infernal mental experiments on several attractive girls with whom you have no personal acquaintance!" demanded Kelvin. And, as Manners winced, "Have you any reason to believe you have succeeded?" he insisted.

"Probably—if I may judge from what my mental experiments are now doing to several men of my acquaintance."

"W-what—what are you making them do?"

"Various things," admitted Manners, furtively watching his shocked friend. "I—well—such personal qualities as it appeared to me they lacked I attempted to instill into them. For instance, one energetic but perfectly commonplace young business man I thought needed an injection of devil-may-care romance to leaven him. So I concentrated my intellectual processes on his case; I gave him vigorous absent treatment—he was at the stock exchange at the time. He didn't know what was happening to him."

"And what happened?" said Kelvin.

Manners shook his head: "You ought to see him now. He's trying to become engaged to almost any girl he meets."

"What!" cried Kelvin, horrified.

Manners looked nervously around, but they were quite alone in the room. Then his glance returned to his friend:

"He's quite dippy on romance. Isn't it shocking? Wants to wed almost anything he encounters. I—I overdid it, you see; the treatment was too vigorous. But I didn't know; I'd had no experience. Besides, I really hadn't the faintest notion that I possessed such a power; and—and first I knew I found I'd suddenly grasped something out of nothing; something as unexpected as a live wire! And, Eric, there I was, amazed, pleased with myself, half doubting, blundering in my experiments with this stupendous living power which I never dreamed I possessed ——"

"Heavens, William," faltered Kelvin, "this is a murderous confession you are making!"

Manners dropped one lank leg over the other, where it hung dangling, and, removing the monocle from his left eye, examined it with desperate indifference.

"The most serious phase of the affair is yet to be confessed—to you. Do you think you can stand any more, Eric?"

"I?" repeated Kelvin nervously. "Oh, *I* can stand it, all right, but I'm wondering how these miserable victims of yours are going to stand it!"

"So am I," said Manners. "I'm sure I don't know what to do for them."

"Can't you stop it?"

"Ya-as, I can stop it—that is, I can refrain from doing anything—ah—further in that line."

Kelvin shuddered; Manners was aware of the spasm and his features became troubled.

"I can, of course, stop my experiments," he went on, slowly, "but I can't undo what I've done ——"

"Why not?"

"Because," replied Manners naïvely, "I don't know how."

"But what on earth will happen to your victims!" demanded Kelvin. "What's happening to 'em now? Manners, you've got to do something ——"

Manners made a gesture with his monocle. "Do something? What," he asked wearily, "am I to do? Tell me and I'll do it. I've tried the same sort of thing backward, but it won't work. I don't seem to be able to neutralize or modify what I've already done. I've written Doctor Duncan, but he's in Japan."

Kelvin, breathing deeply, said: "I never, *never* supposed you were that sort of a man. You don't look it," he added reproachfully. "Why, hang it all, Manners, you—you're a sort of a—a monster!"

"D-don't say that!" protested the other thickly.

"I—what dreadful idea possessed you to try to do such things? I thought I knew you pretty well; I—nobody ever supposed you ever had an original idea. You—you didn't have to be intellectual, you know; everybody liked you well enough as you were ——"

"Thanks; it's very good of you," said Manners, despondently staring out of the window into the brilliant sunshine.

Kelvin gazed at him for a moment, striving to realize it all, then hysterically put the wrong end of his cigar into his mouth.

There was some slight confusion; a servant came and mopped up the fragments of broken glasses. When he had retired Kelvin burst out:

"You tell me these incredible things and I try to comprehend them, but it is doing unusual things to my nerves. I'm jumpy, William. And what I want to know immediately is whether you've experimented on anybody besides that Wall Street man. *Have you?*"

"Yes," said Manners.

Kelvin sank back in his chair.

"What else and who else have you done?" he asked.

"Enough," said Manners sadly. "I began with a bunch of five friends of mine. I said to myself, 'You are good fellows, good citizens, commonplace, prevaricating, unimaginative, every-day, young Americans, nimbly occupied

"It Would Break My Heart if I Couldn't Get that Butterfly"

in acquiring material advantages in a material and sordidly unromantic world.' That's what I said to myself, Kelvin."

"And what did you *do?*" demanded Kelvin in an awful voice.

"Do? Well, I gave them all absent treatment. I treated them according to what I thought they lacked. Into some I injected a mad passion for the unvarnished truth; into some the desire for adventure, the longing for the poetry and romance of life and—and Nature ——"

"Who," stammered Kelvin, "are these five betrayed, deluded, defrauded, abandoned friends of yours?" And as Manners fidgeted and attempted to screw his monocle into his left eye: "Who are they, William Manners? And—and"—he continued shakily—"do I know them? Look at me! Tell me! Speak!" he broke out, squirming in all the torture of uncertainty. "William! William! Am *I* one of those five?"

"Yes," said Manners, in the accentless acquiescence of despair. "Isn't it terrible?"

"For *what* part have you picked me?" almost shouted Kelvin in his terror and bewilderment. "What have you turned me into?—confound you! I—I knew darned well there was something wrong with me; I wondered why I'd been growing pansies in dinky pots and chloroforming butterflies and feeding those silly dicky-birds in the park with my pockets stuffed with stale bread! I thought it might be softening of the brain, and—and it's *you*."

"Yes, old chap," said Manners, humble in his guilt.

"Well—good Heavens!—well, can't you turn it off? Can't you stop me reading Nature books? I'm writing one, too. Can't you prevent me? Can't you do something?" insisted Kelvin, almost beside himself with fury. "What business have I turning over stones to hunt for beetles and spiders? What do I want to dig up daisies for and look at the useless things through a magnifying-glass? And I'm doing it all the time. I'm a plain business man; I make pulp paper in bulk. Why," he almost snarled, "do I go out to the suburbs and run about with a butterfly-net instead of attending to my business? I like the city; I don't like the country. But I can't keep away from it!"

"Is it ruining you?" asked Manners miserably.

"It—no, it isn't. I'm not too feeble-minded to make a living in spite of what you've done to me. But I tell you, William, it's horrible to want to do something sensible and be unable to resist an inclination to go to the park and feed peanuts to the squirrels. And besides, I—I—there's a girl I once saw, . . . and I *don't* like the sort of girl she is. . . . And she's pretty as the mischief. And she studies Nature books and peeps up into trees when some infernal tomtit begins to pipe up."

"Who is she?" asked Manners in despair.

"I don't know. I don't want to know. She's too pretty and intellectual. Can't you make me stop looking at her? Can't you make her go away?" he insisted, almost frantic.

"Where is she?" asked Manners blankly.

"Where is she? I don't know. But I've seen her several times when I'm out in the confounded outskirts of civilization, with my pockets full of ferns and forceps and tin boxes crammed with caterpillars. Think of it, William, I, a decent, respectable, city-bred, city-loving business man ——"

He almost broke down; Manners, too, was deeply affected.

"That girl," he said unsteadily, "is probably one of the agreeable girls I saw through this window and whom I chose for my experiments. I'm awfully sorry, old fellow, but *I* haven't a notion who she is—who any of them are. All I did, when an attractive girl came along, was to say to myself: 'Now, *you* are very pretty and delightful to look at, but you probably think trivial thoughts most of the time, and you have been brought up with false notions of the world. Go out and see the sun rise! Go listen to the speckled tomtit! Get busy with Nature and the living romance of the free world! You dance too much; you cultivate too assiduously the comparatively unimportant. Be a real girl—a charming, frank, natural, fearless, disinterested, intelligent girl. Give yourself the sensation of an original idea. Take an interest in the resources of those simpler pleasures now banned as obsolete by a fretted, pampered, over-ambitious and intellectually degenerate society where wealth is——'"

"William!"

"What?" he asked guiltily.

"If—if you've done all that to those young girls you've done a terrible thing!"

"Why?"

"Because you've filled their heads with unconventional notions. You make 'em want to go and be dryads in the Bronx and Westchester. And they can't be unless they transgress every law and rule of feminine training and bringing-up. How can they? These hothouse exotics, brought up under glass in the only foreign city in the United States; these pretty heiresses of vulgar millions whose notions of the country are limited to macadamized roads and a touring car, whose aspirations are to dominate and sit lightly enthroned on the spindrift of the social surf——" He broke off, furious with himself for his own flow of metaphor. "You see!" he cried, mad all through, "your absent treatment makes me talk like an accursed literary thing, and not like a man, a paper manufacturer, and a voter! William, this is a vile, vile business. Within me, welling up, I feel unsuspected springs of poetry. Confound it, I can't even think in decent, self-respecting English. I cogitate in rhythm; I become loquacious in alliteration. I'm not myself. I haven't been for a month. And, look now! I haven't anything to do to-day; I ought to sit here for a while like a human being, then play a game or two of billiards, then lunch comfortably upstairs, then take a drive in my new six-cylinder tourer, then dress and go to see the right sort of woman—or go to a good play—then come here for a cocktail and a rubber, then—oh, Lord!—and now look at me! *Look!*"

And he pulled from his bulging pockets a lot of bottles and boxes and notebooks crowded with observations upon the nesting habits of the speckled titmouse. "And the worst is that I'm now going, William, going out to chase butterflies and rush eagerly after every thousand-legged thing that wriggles and crawls. And I'm in a hurry, too. Isn't that the limit? I'm actually impatient to be off, getting my shoes muddy and burs all over me. I don't want to like that girl I sometimes see doing the same thing, and I'm afraid I'm getting to like to look at her. William! William! Can't you do anything for me?"

"Do you know," said Manners earnestly, "that it's like some dreadful dream—all this that I've somehow managed to do? I can't really believe it; I'm palsied by it. I try to undo it by negative absent treatment. But it doesn't seem to work. Tell me, Kelvin, do—do you

notice any amelioration of your condition when I fix my mind on you, and give you negative absent treat ——"

"Let me alone!" almost yelled Kelvin. "Don't you dare try anything more; do you hear? I'm bad enough as I am, and if you experiment further you may turn me into almost anything!"

For a moment the two men faced each other—two well-dressed, well-built, attractive young fellows, confronting one another in a corner of one of the most exclusively fashionable of the junior clubs in New York.

And as they stared into each other's eyes the situation seemed too impossible, too absurdly grotesque to be real. Here, in the daylight of the twentieth century, within a stone's throw of Broadway; here, in all the garish, unshadowed glare of Fifth Avenue, in the most modern, most matter-of-fact of metropolitan centres, where no inhabitant admitted romance could exist either in the city's magnificence or in its degraded squalor; where the only romance understood was the necromancy of wealth and the manipulation of it!

Powerless, inert, Manners sank back into his chair. Kelvin cast one withering glance upon his collapsed friend, then, stuffing bottles, boxes and notebooks into his pockets, rose, crammed the straw hat firmly over his ears, and turned toward the door.

"W-where are you g-going?" gasped Manners.

"Into the country—dammit!" snarled Kelvin, pausing to turn up his carefully-creased trousers.

"Eric! Don't go."

"How can I help it? Do you think I *want* to go?"

"S-shall I detain you by v-violence?" asked Manners anxiously; "shall I hold you, Eric?"

"If you do I'll probably knock your head off."

"But think—think of the danger of b-being stung by bees."

"I do—or by that girl."

"Heavens, Eric! Don't—*don't* be beguiled into wedlock."

"Oh, it's all very well for you to tell me such things—*now!* Anything's likely to happen; I may be attacked by a tadpole or chased by a frog or bitten by that confounded tomtit. But I've got to go, all the same."

Manners sprang forward to seize him; but Kelvin became violent. They stood there, confronting one another, breathing hard. Then:

"Me for the Bronx," said Kelvin sullenly. "Leggo!" And he disappeared through the portals of the Lenox Club.

Manners observed his friend's departure with profound discouragement. Matters were not very well with him these days; things had begun to go wrong in several ways ever since that accursed day when, idling at this very window, he had, without expecting success, ventured to attempt a mental influence on the first five attractive and unsuspicious maidens who blew breezily by through the pale April sunshine.

How could he doubt that he had vitally influenced them, judging from the cataclysmic effect of his experiments on his friend Kelvin? Alas! what had he driven these innocent victims into—what mad escapades, what mischief, what irrational, unconventional situations!

Miserably every morning and evening he scanned the newspapers, fearful lest he come upon some casualty which he must recognize as the dreadful result of his outrageous experiments. Every time any feminine individual did anything reprehensible and the papers reported it, Manners pored over the account in agonized doubt.

But so far he had not recognized his own responsibility in the police reports of the misdeeds of the frail and fair.

The greater part of his leisure was employed in a vigorous mental endeavor to reverse and nullify the mental suggestions which no doubt had worked marvelous change in half a dozen guileless young girls; the remainder of his leisure was taken up with vain attempts to obtain an interview with the very charming and agreeably frivolous girl to whom he had been engaged—was still engaged to, as he understood it. Yet now, for nearly three months, he had failed to obtain from her more than the briefest replies to his notes, and only the most fugitively formal interviews with her in the presence of her family, or at some crowded function or other. And he was becoming deathly tired of it.

So that afternoon, beautifully arrayed, he sauntered up Fifth Avenue for the purpose of bestowing his society upon her. She lived at present with a doddering aunt, her parents being in Europe. And he had welcomed the situation with pleasure at first; yet, strangely enough, ever since her parents had sailed, he not only had received no replies to notes and telephone calls, but he had never been able to find her at home, and her decrepit aunt never seemed to be able to furnish him with any adequate explanation.

"For *What* Part Have You Picked Me?"

So he was very serious and nervous and preoccupied when he rang the bell at her door that afternoon, and when the servant at the door informed him, as usual, that she was not at home, a violent desire to yell possessed him.

Baffled, restless, apprehensive, nerves on edge, he returned to the Lenox Club.

"If she doesn't stop this sort of thing—if she doesn't behave more appreciatively toward me," he muttered, "I—I'll try a little absent treatment. I'll give that amazing girl just one more chance at me, just one!"

And, as he looked gloomily out of the club window he thought of his awful power, and shuddered.

II

WHERE rolls the Bronx athwart the suburban solitudes of Westchester the traditional pedestrian might have been perceived pursuing an erratic and eccentric course 'cross lots, and any regularly enrolled member of any rural constabulary might have been pardoned for slinking after him and hiding behind trees to peep out at him, so suspicious were his movements, so furtive, so singularly and utterly devoid of suburban and common sense.

"Brown Eyes! Shall I Let You Go?"

The classical, isolated pedestrian was Kelvin; tin boxes were slung about his person, drooping fronds of uprooted ferns waved pendant from his coat-pockets; in one hand he carried a burlap bag containing captured garter-snakes; in the other he brandished a green gauze butterfly-net; and all over his straw hat were stuck defunct butterflies impaled on pins.

In his thumbs were briars; upon his shoes a deposit of good, thick Westchester mud. Some coyly playful thorn had attempted to detain him by the broader rearward expanse of his trousers; then, plucking him by the elbow, had vindictively given him a parting scratch across the nose.

However, it was evident that he didn't care. Unslaked enthusiasm burned in his eye as he laboriously turned over flat stones in search of beetles and pursued them on all-fours as they fled through the grass. Now he explored the shallows of the Bronx for aquatic insects. Now he playfully pounced upon a demented tadpole; anon he gamboled in the wake of some fast-flying dragon-fly, net aloft, boisterously excited.

And all the while he was astounded at his own behavior, ashamed, indignant with himself as he crawled or squatted or careered about the landscape. And all the while he kept one curious and furtive eye upon a moderately distant figure on the other bank of the Bronx—the figure of a young girl who moved leisurely about, a butterfly-net balanced across her shoulders, a pair of field-glasses slung to swing at her hip.

Askance he could see her very plainly across the water, an attractive, fresh-skinned, dark-eyed maid in a most distractingly pretty summer gown.

She had pinned her straw hat to her gown where it hung against the other hip, balancing the field-glasses; her skirts were short, her free-limbed unconscious stride revealed small tan shoes and agreeable ankles.

Whether or not she was aware of his presence he could not determine, for she never appeared to look at him, which was sufficient to convince any cynical outsider like you or me.

At moments she paused, head on one side, eyes aloft, listening rapturously to the complicated song of the speckled tomtit. At moments she gazed pensively into the depths of the Bronx—almost six inches deep in places—as though monsters lurked there in aqueous profundity. Several times she ran light-footed after the glittering dragon-flies that sailed and drifted along the reedy reaches under the willows.

When she captured a specimen she applied chloroform to its nose, then sedately impaled it upon a pin.

And all the while Kelvin prowled, pretending not to see her; and all the while she appeared oblivious to him.

He muttered to himself: "I don't want to look at her, but I can't help it. Why doesn't she go somewhere else and chase dragon-flies? . . . Besides, she's trespassing on my own collecting-ground; I discovered this God-forsaken region first. I have first right to this place. Sooner or later we'll both stumble on something rare and valuable, and there'll be a dispute about it; there'll be trouble, sure ——"

He broke off short; speech failed him; his tongue clove to the roof of his mouth. For there, fluttering lazily above the water, midway between him and the young girl on the opposite bank, appeared a butterfly.

It was not a particularly handsome butterfly; not apparently an insect to cause such instant and amazing symptoms of vital excitement in two young people; it was a moderate-sized, smoky-tinted specimen with a glimmer of deep blue playing over the sheen of the rapidly moving wings.

But as the two young people became simultaneously aware of the creature, two green gauze butterfly-nets were whipped aloft, two symmetrical pairs of legs were instantly set in motion, two madly desirous hearts beat as one, two souls harbored the same traditional thought.

The butterfly, whose name happened to be Argynnis Diana, though she didn't suspect it, flew gayly along above the little river, upstream, and impartially midway between the two banks.

Along the east bank ran the girl, gracefully fleet, head turned, dark eyes following the insect which darted on just out of reach of her net; on the west bank galloped Kelvin, his tin paraphernalia flopping and jingling, net in the air, terribly excited at his first sight of the great Southern Diana fritillary, whose presence in New York State had never before been recorded even by a popular writer of fiction.

As for the big clouded Diana, flashing a hint of royal azure with every beat of her

strong, fleet wings, she settled down to lead those two young, ardent souls a chase worthy of the goddess after whom she had been christened.

First she swung across to the east bank, where the girl instantly put on three speeds forward, chasing her with skirts a-flutter and flashing heels.

Diana turned; it was almost useless, but the girl attempted a mid-air net stroke and missed; and the butterfly whirled upward in alarm, flitting on slanting wings across to the west bank.

Kelvin fancied he heard a faint, broken-hearted exclamation, scarcely more than a quick indrawn breath, but he had no time for sentimental inquiry; Diana swept across his arc of vision; he leaped forward, net aloft, running warily, alert for the psychological second which might give him his opportunity.

And, as he ran, he was aware that across the water the girl was speeding over ferns and turf, keeping pace with him, a mixture of determination and despair in her brown eyes, yet prepared for any accident which might give her another chance at the flying Diana.

So they ran; and it was evident that they both must have been in excellent physical condition, for the pace was fast and the sun was bright, and it was no boulevard they followed over the uneven country broken with clumps of bushes, fern, rocks and fences.

As for the fences, the girl took them like a slim thoroughbred; over went her net first, then she went over; how, she never afterward understood—but over she went, picked up her net, and on again with tan-shod feet flying.

Once Kelvin came a cropper; and as he fell his tin collecting-boxes banged and dinned so that his fall resembled the fall of the White Knight; and the girl smothered a half-hysterical laugh and tried to keep her brown eyes on the butterfly.

But Kelvin was off again, and so near to the fleeing Diana that he made a net-stroke, and missed.

Instantly the butterfly veered, dashed madly through the sunshine, up, up, over the top of a maple tree, then swiftly descended once more to the east bank of the stream. And Kelvin groaned, but ran on.

Now his rival, the fleet-footed racer of the east bank, had caught her second breath. The sun glinted on her curly brown hair and in the depths of her dark eyes as she sprang forward, brandishing her net for the stroke that she had so long awaited. Nearer and nearer her flying feet brought her to Diana, who, low flying, was fluttering scarce ten paces forward.

Nearer and nearer drew the flushed pursuer; Kelvin set his teeth in despair as the green net swept level; then he could have yelled in his excitement, for Diana, avoiding the stroke, dipped sideways in mid-air, and whirled across the water in an ecstasy of fright, straight-away in front of him.

Now it meant a long, grim, dogged test of endurance before he could hope for another chance.

The butterfly was thoroughly alarmed, flying tirelessly forward across the country, and Kelvin settled down into a determined trot, confident at any rate that his neighbor across the stream had come to her last ditch.

But, after a moment or two, out of the corner of his eye he caught a glimpse of fluttering skirts; and, astonished and slightly chagrined, he observed her askance, forging lightly ahead into his range of vision, pretty face flushed, hair undisciplined, the green net aloft and floating in the summer wind.

At first he was irritated; then her gallant and silent courage touched him, and he wanted to turn and call across the water to her and tell her that she'd probably be ill if she didn't stop. But he had no breath to do so; no time, no opportunity to turn. Diana was flying fast, and he had all he could do to keep her in view.

There was a little grove of trees just ahead where the river narrowed and made a sudden bend. If Diana got among the trees he'd probably lose sight of her; if Diana went over the treetops she'd cross to the east bank again, and that swift-limbed rival of his would probably get her this time.

Spurred into one last frantic dash, Kelvin shot forward and fairly ran the butterfly down; but Diana darted under his net, mounted straight up among the leaves, and vanished. And, though Kelvin ran about distractedly hither and thither, he could not espy his Diana of the Bronx.

And after he had run round and round the outside of the clump of trees and had cantered up and down the open fields beyond, he stood still, gasping for breath until his breath came back into his lungs. Then, wild-eyed but alert, he strode into the clump of trees again. And here he became aware of his rival, flushed, breathless, charmingly disheveled, sitting upon a mossy stone, eyes persistently fixed on the top branches of a tall oak tree.

Her slender tanned wrists were bare, her sleeves pushed back to her elbows; and she sat, clasping her knees in her hands, chin up-tilted, delicate nose in the air, the green butterfly-net across her lap.

Kelvin, breathing hard, looked up, too. He saw nothing but golden-green leaves and branches and the blue sky between. Then he looked at the girl, then up in the air, then at the girl, then up into the tree again.

Evidently the butterfly had alighted somewhere high in that oak tree, and she had seen it and had taken the river at a single jump where it narrowed among the trees.

This was the limit. She had not only had the bad taste to chase his butterfly, but now she had come over into his territory to continue her flagrant conduct.

He said, speaking firmly and aloud: "I wonder where *my* butterfly went."

The intruder appeared not to notice him. She continued to clasp her knees in her hands and look up into the tree.

(*Continued on Page 25*)

LIMITING OPPORTUNITY

THE WAY OF THE RETAILER

By Jas. H. Collins

Landed in This Country Direct from Kilkenny

THIRTY-ODD years ago a green Irish lad landed in this country direct from Kilkenny. The first thing wanted was a job. He soon found one in the steward's department of a New York hotel.

The steward of a large hotel is not so much in the foreground as its landlord or clerk, perhaps. But his department is as important as theirs, and an acute Irish lad who goes to work under him and keeps his eyes open is likely to pick up information that will carry him further in life. In such a place a reasonable amount of greenness may be an asset.

This new lad was acute. He quickly learned the art of buying supplies, from plain granulated sugar to fancy French groceries, and fresh eggs to Havana cigars. Soon he was taking the initiative that counts as much in buying goods as it does in selling them. His salary, small at the start, began to go up. He was promoted, and eventually became steward himself.

Our Irish lad boarded with a countrywoman, whose son Pat earned his living as a newspaper boy. Pat was the delicate member of her family, however, and finally his health made it necessary to find some other occupation for him. So a small grocery store was opened, with Pat as senior member of the firm and the hotel-steward as a silent partner. The latter's savings, two thousand dollars, went to finance the enterprise, and Pat carried on the business while the steward worked on at the hotel and saved more money.

The grocery trade proved favorable for Pat. He got his health back, and with his young friend's help managed to open two more stores. Next the steward got a better place with another hotel, and everything was running along beautifully.

Then a crisis came, and to protect his capital the silent partner had to throw up his job and take hold of the grocery business himself. He really preferred working as a steward. But only one course of action was before him. So he bought out Pat, and put his own name over the doors of the three shops, and set to work to save the business. Many points in the grocery trade were new and strange. But he knew how to buy provisions, and how to cater to the consumer's tastes and whims. He also knew how to make a little money go a long way, and three stores gave him advantages in purchasing that permitted bargains to customers. Soon his stores were growing, and he was looking about for others. One by one new shops were added, and as the plant grew he became more and more important as a buyer, and could operate with greater freedom.

To-day that former hotel-steward has 171 retail grocery stores in Greater New York, and manages another large group belonging to his brother's estate in Philadelphia. His purchasing department is a great wholesale grocery house in itself. At the outset he handled two or three chests of tea each week. Now he imports teas and coffees direct in lots of 5000 chests and sacks. Where 500 pounds of butter a week was a good turnover in the beginning, now he handles 100 tons in the same period, with thirty to forty freight-cars of eggs, and canned goods in million lots, and soap by the trainload. He has a manufacturing department employing a couple of hundred persons, and a delivery system utilizing several hundred teams. His advertising in New York newspapers is on a footing with that of the largest department stores, and a magazine issued for customers every two months circulates 120,000 copies.

This system of grocery shops is typical of a present-day form of retailing of great importance—that through the chain of stores.

Retail trade still offers plenty of scope for the beginner with small capital. Thousands are stepping every year from places on salary or wages right into shops of their own. The immigrant's development is chiefly in the direction of shopkeeping: the German selects meats and groceries, the Italian, Greek and Armenian fruit and candies. The American and Irishman choose hardware, shoes, clothing, jewelry. Mechanics rise from places as foremen and open plumbing, painting, carpentering and repair shops. The brewing interests are continually helping men with small savings into the saloon business. Hundreds of small restaurants, laundries, drug stores and cigar stands change hands daily. Opportunities for getting into some variety of retail trade are more numerous than ever, consequent upon the growth of our cities. Capital needed is often insignificant—it may be only enough to buy a news-stand, or build a pushcart, take out a license and purchase one day's stock of fruit.

The German Selects Meats and Groceries

The drawback in this field is not lack of opportunity to begin, but certain natural limitations of retail trade when the merchant has only a single shop. Even with a fair amount of business capacity, and hard work, and good fortune, the small retailer is a neighborhood distributor and restricted by the boundaries of his community. People will go but a block or two in cities to purchase groceries, and so the average profit of all the grocers in New York or Chicago is probably less than $1000 a year. The small retailer with one shop is virtually a day laborer working small hours for non-union wages. Only when he begins to reach out and cater to more than one neighborhood does he rise into the merchant class, and then he is the exceptional man.

The department store is one form of retail business where the merchant expands from the neighborhood and finds an outlet for talent in buying and selling. The chain of stores is another whereby retailing is raised into a broader field of success and profit.

The chain of stores is really a department store spread out through the community, so far as its clientele is concerned. But it differs from the department store in being limited to a single line of goods. Sometimes it covers a single city. Again it has a national distribution. In New York, for instance, there are several chains of restaurants, two or three chains of cigar stores (one numbering 160 inside the metropolitan district), two or three chains of candy stores, one or more chains of drug stores. In the country at large are several systems of

shoe stores, the largest having about 150 shops; two or three organizations of cigar stores, several chains of candy shops, a string of five-and-ten-cent novelty stores, and so forth. Here and there is a chain of long establishment, or one organized by a manufacturer with ample capital as an outlet for his product. But for the most part these retail systems have been built up in recent years, and are growing more rapidly than ever to-day, and in the majority of instances the builders are men who were originally small merchants with a single shop, and not a very large one at that.

A Man Who Kept His Shoes on Trees was Classed with the Dudes

Some years ago a snobbish "society" journal devoted a paragraph to a wedding that was rather outside the pale of the "high life" it covers. The bride was the daughter of a "merchant prince," and the wedding made a good butt for the paragrapher, who treated it as a polite social curiosity and seemed to feel that he had hit the event off happily when he implied that the bride's dowry had been handed over in nickels and dimes.

The father of that bride is a very rich man whose name is tolerably well known to the shopping public, but hardly known at all elsewhere. He owns a chain of five-and-ten-cent stores, 160 of them, extending from Maine to Colorado. A farmer's boy, born in New York State, he began business with less than $500, opening a five-cent novelty counter in a hole-in-the-wall in his native town. This counter, piled with miscellaneous goods at a nickel, caught the popular fancy, and he has made it the foundation of a remarkable organization. Success came largely by originality in buying goods to be retailed at five and ten cents. The world has been ransacked for novelties. This attended to, the selling seems to have largely taken care of itself, for in cities where these stores are located the shopping public is attracted to them without any advertising. Department stores advertise lavishly to bring shoppers downtown, and the five-and-ten-cent store draws them in by attractiveness of merchandise alone. Women are certain to take a look before they go home.

One of the largest chains of shoe stores was established less than fifteen years ago by a young salesman who was badly hurt in a railroad wreck while traveling for a Boston shoe house. The largest chain of cigar stores was established by a man who years ago ran the cigar stand in a hotel up-state in New York. When things at his little stand were dull, he was out among the business men of his town taking orders for good Havanas. He knew that a taste for five-cent cigars can be wholly destroyed by leading a smoker to try a box of ten-centers, and, after this has been accomplished, that a ten-cent taste can be diverted to fifteen-centers, and so on up to *gigantes grandes* such as J. Pierpont Morgan smokes at $1.50 apiece—if the smoker's money holds out. It didn't take that young fellow long to outgrow his native place, and now he is at the head of a chain of three hundred tobacco stores, in fifty-five cities, selling three hundred million cigars a year.

Apart from the principle of the thing as it bears on the exceptional merchant who wants to rise, these chains of stores hold interesting possibilities for the man who is content to be a merchant on a salary. The man at the head of such a system might say, in his omnipotence, "Let there be more stores." But unless he can find a manager for each establishment, and one who is a keen merchant at that, the stores couldn't possibly be at all. In the grocery chain, for instance, each shop has from five to eight employees. Some are salesmen, some delivery boys. But each has to have its manager, a capable grocer. If the chain grows at the rate of twenty new stores a year, then there are twenty responsible positions to be given out by promotion. One of the shoe-shop chains will add about sixty new stores this year, which means sixty new jobs at good salaries. These managers usually come out of the ranks of the clerks. The high-class merchant, too, comes in among the buyers, though not to the same degree as with department stores, for the range of goods sold through these chains is smaller, and in many cases the company controlling them manufactures its own merchandise.

The sort of merchant who rises on salary in such a chain is shown in a little story told about one of the shoe-store systems. In addition to shoes, this chain sells what are known as "specialties"—polishing outfits, silk shoelaces and other trinkets that carry a better margin of profit than shoes. One of the branch managers suggested that shoe-trees be added to the specialties. Now, shoe-trees had, up to that time, been regarded as a freak of the retail shoe trade. The shoeman would get them for you if you insisted on having them. But a pair of shoe-trees was something sold only to the idle rich. A man who kept his shoes on trees was classed with the dudes. Introduced into this chain of more than a hundred shops, however, and stimulated by giving the clerks a small commission on each pair sold, shoe-trees have become a staple article and a very profitable side-line—the sales now average one pair of trees to about a dozen pairs of shoes.

An investigation of the retail trade in almost any city will show merchants who are developing along this chain idea. Hundreds of dealers in all lines are extending their fields of operation by opening a second store, and then a third. Most of these chains are small. But, with even two or three shops well placed about town, a merchant is able to buy goods to better advantage, and is also in position to advertise profitably, because he can take care of returns from advertising. A merchant with only one shop, even where he can afford newspaper announcements, is talking to the whole town for the sake of reaching a small section of his community.

There is another interesting line of development nowadays for the exceptionally able retailer—that of extending his trade as an originator or a manufacturer.

Years ago men's collars were made in half-inch sizes. Nature seemed to turn out a certain proportion of men who could not be comfortable in standard-size collars; a fifteen-inch collar choked them, while one measuring fifteen and a half inches was too large. But the manufacturers went on making half-inch collars, and if you didn't fit the regular trade sizes you were a degenerate.

A Chicago haberdasher happened to be one of these unfortunates whose anatomy didn't fit trade sizes, and he did what few men knew enough to do—bought imported collars made in quarter-sizes at thirty-five cents apiece. One day it occurred to him that quarter-size collars could be made and sold two-for-a-quarter as easily as the standard goods. He laid the suggestion before several manufacturers. None of them cared to adopt it in their output, or even to make the goods on order. This haberdasher kept hunting, however, and finally found a concern that agreed to make what he wanted. He put these quarter-sizes in stock at regular prices and pushed them through local advertising. For years the collar manufacturers held aloof, refusing to make quarter-size goods, and in the meanwhile this retailer built up a great trade in his novelty. It made him. To-day nearly all collar manufacturers are turning out quarter-sizes, and two or three houses claim the honor of having been pioneers in their introduction. The quarter-size system has also been applied to shoes and other articles of wear, and the idea has not by any means been exhausted. Some day, for example, an enterprising hat manufacturer may turn as good a trick by making hats in sixteenth-inch sizes.

Capital Needed is Often Insignificant

In the drug trade there are perhaps more stories of success of this kind—the retailer as a manufacturer—than in any other line of retailing. Doubtless this is because the druggist is partly a manufacturer at all times, and constantly experimenting with proprietary articles made to his own formula. There are many instances of national success with a specialty that grew because it was something exceptionally good of its kind.

A Southern pharmacist, years ago, compounded an effervescent remedy. It soon sprang into steady demand locally, and he had the enterprise to push it out into his own State after that, and later to advertise it in other States, until it became a national staple. Just a few months ago he retired from the corporation that now manufactures his remedy, a millionaire.

Another druggist, in the Middle West, had only $900 and a tiny shop, it is said, when he became possessed with the belief that a toilet preparation of his own compounding had great possibilities. His rise was along much the same lines—first some active hustling in his own town, and then an extension of territory. To-day his toilet concoction is sold all over the world, and is among the staples of the drug trade.

The retailer is close to the public, and consequently in position to discern demand. Not one retailer in a thousand, of course, ever rises to the possibilities. That, however, in no way alters the fact that possibilities are there.

Narrowing profits and the elimination of jobbers and middlemen seem to be bringing retail trade and manufacturing more closely together every day. One of the large pharmaceutical manufacturing houses is a corporation whose stock is owned by retail druggists all over the country. It makes several hundred standard proprietary remedies, as well as candies and other side-lines. The whole output of this corporation goes to the stores of retail druggists who own its securities. They sell these goods in preference to those of other pharmaceutical manufacturers, get a better margin of profit on them, offer them at slightly lower prices to the consumer, and, in addition to this, draw annual dividends on their investments in the corporation itself. Lately this corporation has added cigars, and is able to purchase to advantage because it already has an outlet through hundreds of drug-store cigar stands all over the nation.

Mechanics Rise from Places as Foremen and Open Carpentering and Repair Shops

These are a few of the interesting developments in retail trade.

Conditions are very different from those that obtained a generation ago. Then the merchant kept a general store, selling everything. Now he specializes, narrowing his stock and widening his field.

Retail distribution is to-day separating into two distinct groups—high-class trade and popular trade. One caters to the classes, and the other to the masses. One is known as "carriage trade," while the other has been wittily dubbed the "baby-carriage trade." The first carries rather a wide margin of profit and is conducted with considerable *éclat* and dignity. The other contents itself with a narrow profit and aims by black-type advertising and brass-band methods to turn stock three or four times where the other is turning it once. The retailer who builds a great business among the classes may be known as a "merchant prince," but he who caters to the masses probably makes several times as much money in the year. The "baby-carriage trade," in fact, is so rampantly successful that not long ago its interests in New York hired ex-Ambassador Choate to appear before the Rapid Transit Commission and demonstrate that the "carriage trade" merchants were negligible, and should be ignored in planning a new subway. Fourteenth Street is one of the great "baby-carriage trade" centres, while Twenty-third Street caters to the classes. Mr. Choate argued that the claims of Twenty-third Street for an express station were really a demand for class privileges, and that the interests of the people made Fourteenth Street the natural point for an express stop—let the classes come shopping in their automobiles.

Retail success on a large scale nowadays recognizes this important division in the public. A certain metropolitan merchant maintains two separate establishments, one for the classes and the other for the masses, and it is said that the clerks in one do not even know that he controls the other. He is his own competitor, urging in his advertisements to the masses that they go to his bargain store and escape being robbed by high prices, and in announcements to the classes that they go to the other place and avoid the crowd.

Still another development in distribution has a bearing on the retailer's opportunities—that of mail-order merchandizing. The growth of several leading houses in this trade has been one of the wonders of business the past ten or fifteen years. A Chicago concern claiming the largest

(Concluded on Page 28)

YOUNG LORD STRANLEIGH

THE PREMATURE COMPROMISE

By ROBERT BARR

THE Corinthian Club in Pall Mall is famous for its cuisine, and young Lord Stranleigh of Wychwood provided a lunch on the day of the great coup that was notable even in the Corinthian. The elder Mackeller did justice to the prime vintage which his lordship shared with him, but young Mackeller proved to be a water-drinker. After lunch they retired to a small private smoking-room, where they could review the situation without being interrupted, and here coffee and cigars were set out.

"It would seem, then," began his lordship, "that you and I, Mr. Mackeller, are owners of a property situated somewhere along the West Coast of Africa, a dozen miles or so up a river whose name I do not remember, and which I could not pronounce if I did."

"The Paramakaboo," interjected Mackeller, junior.

"Thanks," drawled Lord Stranleigh. "The property is known as the Red Shallows: I suppose because gold is red, and the deposit is on the surface."

The two Mackellers nodded.

"I hope I am not unduly confident when I take it for granted that there are no 'buses running to Para-what-you-call-it, nor steam launches either?"

"No," said Peter Mackeller, "it is several hundred miles from the nearest port of call by any of the regular liners, or even tramp steamers. Once there, you must charter whatever kind of sailing craft is available, for the mouth of the Paramakaboo."

"I see. Now I presume, Mr. Mackeller, that, being an adept at this sort of thing, you have made your purchases of shares strictly according to the rules of the game. No hole is left for this syndicate of seven to crawl out, is there?"

"No," said the elder Mackeller.

"They will probably try to wriggle away," suggested Stranleigh, "as soon as they learn they are trapped."

"Undoubtedly," replied Angus Mackeller, "but I see no way of escape except through the court of bankruptcy, which is a road these men won't want to travel, and, even if they did, they have lost all this property, at any rate. They've done themselves out of Red Shallows, whatever happens."

"How many shares did you buy, Mr. Mackeller?"

"In round numbers, three hundred thousand."

"And how much did that cost me?"

"Again in round numbers, thirty-seven thousand five hundred pounds. Some of the stock was bought as low as two-and-four, the bulk at half-a-crown, and a quantity of shares at two-and-seven and two-and-eight. I'm reckoning the lot to average half-a-crown a share."

"How many shares does the company possess?"

"Two hundred and fifty thousand were sold to provide working capital, and ten thousand allotted to me for forming the company, and securing the fifty thousand pounds without publicity."

"Well, Mr. Mackeller, my head is useless so far as figures are concerned, but it seems to me, speaking heedlessly, that these men have promised to deliver to me sixty thousand shares, the bulk of which does not exist, while the rest is in our possession."

"More than that, Lord Stranleigh," replied Mackeller, "because I bought a quantity of shares, in addition to the ten thousand allotted me; then three or four of my friends have not sold out, including your friend, the Honorable John Hazel."

"Well, then, it would appear that these syndicate johnnies have bitten off more than they can chew, as they say out West. How soon will they discover the particulars of the situation?"

"They doubtless know them now, my lord."

"And what will be their first move?"

"They will probably try to compromise."

"Which means they will try to see you, for, of course, they know nothing of me in this transaction."

"It is very likely they will approach me."

"What will you do, Mr. Mackeller?"

"I shall await your instructions."

"Oh, my instructions are of no value. I'm a mere amateur, you know, whose dependence is on you. What is your advice, Mr. Mackeller?"

"I should compromise if I were you."

"Yes, an Englishman dearly loves a compromise, doesn't he? But if I thought these fellows would put up a decent and interesting fight I should like to see them squirm."

"That isn't business, my lord."

"Isn't it? Well, what would the city call business in this instance?"

Editor's Note — This is the second of a series of six stories dealing with the adventures of Lord Stranleigh of Wychwood.

Tore it Open, Read it and Swore

"Strip them of everything they possess, short of making them bankrupt."

"Oh, that's a beastly sort of compromise! That's the city's idea of fair play, is it? Well, I'm blest! They'd surely fight if confronted with such a prospect as that."

"How can they fight? They've undertaken to turn over to you anywhere from sixty to seventy thousand shares of Red Shallows which they do not possess, and cannot obtain. You're the only man in the world from whom they can buy this material which they have sold. There is no competition in this deal. They must pay the price you ask. If you say these shares you bought for two-and-sixpence are now worth ten pounds, they must pay the difference, or go broke."

"Well, Mr. Mackeller, that seems simple enough, doesn't it? The only information I need is how much money these fellows possess. How shall I set about finding out?"

"Your bank could give you a pretty close estimate, and I'll inquire at mine."

"Then that's all settled. I'm cast for the hard-hearted villain in the piece, I suppose?"

"Yes, you may be hard-hearted or the reverse, just which you choose."

"Will their women and children come and plead with me, on their knees, with tears in their eyes?"

"I've known that done, my lord, but I've never heard that it has had any effect in the city."

"I think I'll turn that job over to you, Mr. Mackeller. You'll be my plea-receiver. I dislike having my emotions worked upon. They tell me that a harrowing of the emotions causes wrinkles and sallowness, and I'm particularly careful of my complexion. Both you and your son seem to have neglected these simple precautions, for your complexions are irretrievably ruined; yours through leading a hard-hearted life in the city, and his by yachting on the river Paraboola."

"Paramakaboo," corrected young Mackeller.

"Thanks; so it is. Now, how should we make the first move toward gathering in those shares which do not exist?"

"I suggest," replied the elder man, "that you should formally demand that the president of the company and the board of directors turn over to you all the papers and belongings of the company, also its balance at the bank, also the resignations of the president and each of the directors. Give them legal notice that no check is to be drawn upon the bank account."

"How much money do you suppose is left in the bank?"

The younger man answered.

"They have chartered the tramp steamer Rajah, which now lies at Southampton. I was in charge of its fitting-out. A few thousand pounds has been spent in surface-mining machinery, in provisions, and in corrugated iron for the building of shelters for the engineering staff and workmen. It was not the intention at first to erect a smelting furnace at the mine, but to load the ship with ore, and send her back to England. I returned to London from Southampton when my father telegraphed to me about the crisis in the affairs of the company. I had spent less than five thousand pounds, so there should be forty or forty-five thousand pounds in the bank."

"I suppose," suggested his lordship, in a tone of supreme indifference, "that they have probably drawn the whole amount out by this time, and perhaps have divided it among the immaculate seven."

"In that case," replied the elder, "they will be forced to account for every penny of it."

The conference was here interrupted by a gentle knock at the door, and one of the club servants, entering, presented a card to Lord Stranleigh, which bore the words: "Jacob Hahn; Hahn & Lewishon, Solicitors, Frankfort Buildings, Bucklesbury."

"I don't know this man," said his lordship, looking at the servant. "Are you sure he asked for me?"

"Yes, my lord."

"Perhaps it's you he wishes to see, Mr. Mackeller. Do you know Jacob Hahn, solicitor?"

"Oh, yes; Hahn & Lewishon. They are solicitors for the syndicate, and also solicitors for your Red Shallows Company."

"Ah, quite so. Had I better see him, or shall I refer him to you at your office?"

"As this is a private room, my lord, and as there are three of us present, while he will be alone, I think it would do no harm to hear what he has to say."

"Very good. Bring him in."

Jacob Hahn proved to be a big, genial-looking man. Despite the air of confidence with which he advanced, he seemed to be somewhat taken back at seeing Mackeller and his son seated there. He nodded to them with a smile of good-fellowship, nevertheless, and said to the elder man:

"Perhaps, Mr. Mackeller, you would introduce me to Lord Stranleigh of Wychwood."

"That is as his lordship says," commented Mackeller grimly, but Lord Stranleigh rose to his feet with a smile as engaging as that of the solicitor.

"I think no introduction is necessary, Mr. Hahn, for I understand you and your partner represent me, temporarily at least, so far as the Red Shallows property is concerned. Pray take a chair, Mr. Hahn. May I offer you some coffee? And what liqueur do you prefer?"

"No liqueur, if your lordship pleases. Thanks for the coffee."

"Then help yourself, Mr. Hahn, to cigars. You'll find them not half bad."

"Thank you."

"How did you know I was interested in the gold mine, Mr. Hahn?"

"Ah, your lordship, it is our business to make these little discoveries. I called at Mackeller's office, but no one knew where he was. I realized, however, that he had not been the financier of this rather startling incursion, and it was not long before I learned the facts of the matter. Oh, not at your office, Mr. Mackeller! There was no one there but that most discreet old man, who is even more difficult to pump than you are yourself. I've tried it with both of you on various occasions, so I am quite competent to make a comparison. I then drove to your residence, my lord, and finally to this club, on the chance of finding you."

"Ah, you city chaps are so clever, Mr. Hahn, that it is easy for you to catch us less alert people of the West End."

The solicitor laughed heartily, as if he greatly admired Lord Stranleigh's remark. He was a very friendly person, and beamed upon the young nobleman in a most ingratiating manner.

"I'm afraid it's the other way about, my lord. I happen to know several stockbrokers who, within the past few hours, have come to the conclusion that the West End is up to snuff, as one might say. There are some people in the city who have been caught, to repeat your own word."

"Really? Have some of the stockbrokers been getting nipped? I always understood they were a very sharp body of men."

"They are generally supposed to be, my lord; but, in the case we were just speaking of, some of them tell me they have over-sold—that is to say, they have promised to deliver shares which are not at present in their possession, a rather reckless thing to do."

"Oh, then it was the stockbrokers who made that mistake, was it?"

"Yes, some of them exceeded their instructions. They knew that there were in existence some two hundred and fifty thousand shares, and when our shrewd friend here, Mr. Mackeller, approached them for five or ten thousand, some of them, imagining they could practically get as many more as they desired—for the stock had been kicking about London for a week with no takers—and being temporarily blinded by the commission they were to receive, and the fact that the purchase was a cash transaction, which I imagine they had some doubt of Mr. Mackeller's ability to make good—some of them, I say, pressed upon him more shares than had been given them to sell, and now they are in rather a panic. I think I am correct in saying, Mr. Mackeller, that in several instances you were offered more shares than you asked for?"

"I didn't ask for shares at all," gruffly responded Mackeller, "but I learn from my brokers that in all instances they were offered more shares than they required. But my instructions were definite enough: they were to accept and pay for all the shares they could get. In one or two cases my brokers telephoned to me for instructions, and I suppose that's how the news got out that they were acting for me, and, if these brokers of yours thought they were pushing further into a corner a man already there, they can't expect much sympathy from me when they find themselves in the corner instead."

"Ah, no one would be optimistic enough to expect sympathy from *you*, Mr. Mackeller," pursued the lawyer.

"Then they won't be disappointed when they don't get it," curtly commented Mackeller.

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Hahn," interposed Stranleigh, "but am I to take it you have come to see me on behalf of these unfortunate stockbrokers?"

"No, my lord. I represent Mr. Conrad Schwartzbrod and his colleagues."

"Oh! And who is Mr. Schwartzbrod?"

Before the solicitor could reply, Mackeller said, with lowering brows:

"He is the head of the syndicate, the president of your company, and his colleagues are the board of directors."

"I see, I see. Then Mr. Schwartzbrod and his friends are not sufferers by this little deal of mine?"

"Oh, bless you, no, Lord Stranleigh, except in so far as they have parted with their property a little more cheaply than they had intended. I believe Mr. Schwartzbrod considers that a fair price for the shares would have been from three-and-six to four shillings."

"I'm not very good at figures," complained his lordship, with a slight wrinkle in his forehead, "but if three-and-six is a fair price, then the loss of the syndicate is merely a shilling a share, and as they sold me three hundred thousand shares, that comes to ——" He looked helplessly at Mackeller.

"Fifteen thousand pounds," said Mackeller sharply.

"Ah, thanks. Fifteen thousand pounds. Well, that divided between seven comes to ——"

Again he turned an appealing eye to the sombre Mackeller, who replied promptly:

"Two thousand one hundred and forty-two pounds, six shillings, each."

"I'm ever so much obliged, Mackeller. What a deuce of an advantage it is to possess brains! I fear the inability to count often begins west of Regent Street, and afflicts many of us who are accustomed to paying the waiter at the club exactly what he demands. But to return to our muttons, Mr. Hahn, I must congratulate you on the fact that your clients, who I understand are rich and estimable men, lose merely a couple of thousand each on a deal involving some hundreds of thousands, although it occupied but a few minutes of the time of forty stockbrokers acting simultaneously. I suppose, as the amount of their loss is so trifling, you have not come here to make any appeal for clemency on behalf of the respectable Mr. Schwartzbrod and his colleagues?"

"Oh, not at all, your lordship. No, Mr. Schwartzbrod is merely anxious that the transfer should be made in such a way as to give you as little trouble as possible."

"I'm delighted to hear you say that, Mr. Hahn, because the sole purpose of my life is to avoid trouble. I employ no less than twelve solicitors to intercept whatever trouble comes to hand, so that it doesn't get past them to me. I should be glad to take on another solicitor, but that would make thirteen, which is a very unlucky number, Mr. Hahn. Mr. Schwartzbrod and his partners, then, will put no difficulties in my way?"

"Oh, none in the least, Lord Stranleigh. They have commissioned me to convey their compliments and congratulations to your lordship on the acquirement of what they consider a very valuable property."

"Oh, not so valuable, Mr. Hahn. Only a shilling a share, you know. Still, I believe that's considered a reasonably profitable margin. I don't know exactly what per cent. it runs to, but ——"

"Forty per cent.," snapped Mackeller.

"Is it, really? Well, I think I'm only getting four on a large portion of my money. I must speak to my investment solicitor about this. If a mere amateur like myself can make forty per cent. in ten minutes, don't you think a solicitor should do better than content himself with four per cent. in a whole year?"

"Your investment solicitor probably takes no risk, Lord Stranleigh."

"Ah, that will be it. I knew there was a flea on the wall somewhere; but, you see, I'm not well versed in these things. But I interrupted you, Mr. Hahn. You were going to say ——"

"I was going to say, my lord, that there are two hundred and fifty thousand shares in the company, all of which are now vested in yourself, Mr. Mackeller and probably one or two others. Of course the unfortunate stockbrokers cannot produce the fifty thousand shares or more that are not in existence, and I don't suppose your lordship has any thought of forcing these people into bankruptcy merely because of a little over-zealousness on their part. *Noblesse oblige*, you know."

"Ah, quite so. *Noblesse oblige*. I thought the phrase hadn't penetrated yet into the city."

Again the solicitor laughed heartily.

"A fair hit. A fair hit, my lord. Well, as I was about to add, Mr. Schwartzbrod and his friends are prepared to transfer to you instantly this property, if you desire this to be done."

"Yes, I rather think that is my desire. You see, when a man buys a thing, and pays the money for it, he usually expects it to be turned over, don't you know?"

"Quite so, my lord. I have brought with me the documents pertaining to the transfer, all duly made out, signed and sealed, ready for delivery. But it occurred to my principals that perhaps you did not care, yourself, to develop the property, and perhaps your intention was to take what you considered a fair profit on the transaction, and relinquish whatever claim you possess on this land. You would thus make a clear gain, and run no further risk."

"Mining is a somewhat uncertain business, isn't it, Mr. Hahn?"

"Personally I have had no experience with it, my lord; but they tell me that gold mining is about the most hazardous occupation that a man can adopt. If he is not a practical miner, he is swindled on all sides by those to whom he intrusts the operations."

"I'm afraid I am not a practical man, Mr. Hahn, and know as little about gold-mining as you do."

"In that case, Lord Stranleigh, I think we should have no difficulty in arriving at an understanding acceptable to both sides."

"I should be delighted. What do your principals consider a fair profit?"

"That is a matter for mutual discussion, my lord. They propose to pay you back the amount you have invested, and in addition to that hand over to you, say, fifteen or twenty thousand pounds. Or they would be willing that you should retain a substantial holding in the venture, if you wish to profit by their experience, and that there should be a *pro rata* deduction from the amount they are to hand over to you."

"I see. Well, that is very good of them; but, as I told Mr. Mackeller to-day, I am by way of being a plunger. It is all or nothing with me, and so, having, in a manner of speaking, been drawn into the vortex, I think I'll stay in and see what happens. That being the case, I think it would be most unfair to make others share a risk over which they could exercise no control. I dare say I am very stupid. My friend, Jack Hazel, who knows city men and their ways, says that it is a practice there to minimize risk by spreading it over a number of persons, but I shouldn't be happy, if my plans went wrong, to think that others were suffering through my foolishness. I should feel toward them as Mr. Schwartzbrod feels toward those unfortunate stockbrokers who exceeded his instructions—a sentiment which does him great credit. So, if you don't mind, I think we will confine our attention to the simple transfer you propose."

"Very good, my lord. Whatever plan commends itself the more strongly to your lordship will be cheerfully acquiesced in by my principals. Here, then, are the papers which make over the gold-fields to you, and if you will just sign this formal receipt, we may regard the transaction as complete."

"My dear Mr. Hahn, it is a pleasure to deal with a man of your courtesy and comprehension."

His lordship, with a bow, took up the papers the other had laid down on the table, glanced at them, and passed them along to Angus Mackeller, who scrutinized them with the eye of a hawk. His lordship then read very slowly the document he had been asked to sign, and he took a long time in his examination, during which period the keen eyes of the solicitor could scarcely conceal their apprehension. At last his lordship laid it down.

Beamed upon the Young Nobleman in a Most Ingratiating Manner

"I am somewhat at a disadvantage," he said, "among legal instruments. As I informed you, I am fortunate in possessing the services of a dozen sharper men than myself, who are good enough, for a consideration, to advise me on these topics. But, alas, not one of them is present at this moment."

"Why, my lord, I don't think you have any reason to complain. I'm here alone, without any corroborative witness on my behalf, while there are three of you sitting here."

"Ah, now you speak, Mr. Hahn, as if we were contestants—combatants, as one might say—instead of being a quartet of friends. There is no need of witnesses where everything has gone on as smoothly as has been the case since you entered this room. You represent men who are only too anxious to do the right thing, and you meet, I hope, a man who is desirous of effecting a compromise, and I think I may say the same for my friend Mackeller. I am sure nothing would give Mackeller greater pleasure than to treat Mr. Schwartzbrod in the same generous, equitable way in which Mr. Schwartzbrod would treat him."

The solicitor leaned back in his chair, while his smile became a sort of fixed grin.

"Precisely, precisely," he murmured.

"Of course, I don't pretend to penetrate into all the intricacies of this apparently simple little receipt, but it seems to me that, in Mr. Schwartzbrod's generous desire to protect his stockbrokers, he is doing so, doubtless unconsciously, at my expense."

"At your expense, my lord?"

"Well, that's the way it looks to me. These stockbrokers, poor devils, must produce some sixty or seventy thousand shares on which they cannot lay their hands, and this, as my ancient friend, Euclid, used to remark, is impossible. Now, if I sign this receipt, it appears that I waive all claim against these unfortunate, but nevertheless careless, stockbrokers."

"I thought it was understood, my lord, that, as you obtained quiet possession of the gold-field, you were not inclined to push to the wall—I think that is your own phrase—a number of men who, as things have been going in the city recently, have not been overburdened with business. Indeed, the stagnation in financial circles, the high bank-rate, and all that, doubtless account for the eagerness with which these men, regarding the honest commission they were earning, ventured to overstep the bounds set for them, and so placed themselves, as one might say, at your mercy. I somehow took it for granted that you had no animus against this unlucky score."

"Animus? Oh, no, bless my soul; not the least! Animus is an emotion I confess I scarcely know the meaning of. I think all my friends will tell you I am a most good-natured chap, who would rather forgive an injury than remember it."

"I am delighted to hear you say so, my lord, and admit that, for the moment, I was slightly apprehensive."

"Your apprehensions were quite groundless, Mr. Hahn; quite groundless, I assure you. I shall not injure one of your stockbrokers, and when you report my words to the kindly Mr. Schwartzbrod and his colleagues, I can fancy with what relief they will hear your repetition of them."

"Thank you, my lord; I shall have great pleasure in telling them what you have said."

"On the other hand, Mr. Hahn, justice is justice, as you yourself would be the first to admit. I am entitled to what Mr. Schwartzbrod and his coadjutors would call fair profit on these sixty or seventy thousand shares they cannot produce. Now, although I am so ignorant of business methods, I nevertheless believe that a principal is responsible for the actions of his agents. My chauffeur was fined, down in Surrey the other day, for exceeding the speed limit. I was not in the car, but here in my club. Nevertheless, I was compelled to pay the fine and the costs, because the chauffeur was in my employ. The syndicate of seven, animated, as I believe, by a desire to crush Mr. Mackeller and possess themselves, not only of all his stock, but of the shares of his friends who paid a pound each for them, forgot during one critical ten minutes that a buyer might happen along who had some money in his pockets. It is due to the energy and the persuasive powers of this young engineer, here, formerly in their employ, that a purchaser materialized at the critical moment. I think it is a fact that, if Mr. Schwartzbrod and his distinguished company of pirates had not jauntily run up the black flag, with the skull and cross-bones on it they would not be to-day in the place of jeopardy in which they stand. To continue my nautical simile, they thought Mr. Mackeller, here, was an unprotected merchantman, and proceeded to board and scuttle him, when over the horizon there appeared the latest thing in turbine 25-knot-an-hour cruisers, armed with 4.7 guns, or whatever bally pieces of artillery such a cruiser carries. Now, after presenting the good Mr. Schwartzbrod with my compliments, tell him not to lose any sleep because of the unfortunate stockbrokers, because I am going to attack him, not them. If, in the scrimmage, any of the stockbrokers go under, I will set them up in business again; but I shall not do so at my own expense. I shall simply raise my price to the immaculate syndicate of seven."

All geniality had departed from the solicitor's face, leaving it hard as granite.

"I think you are threatening us, Lord Stranleigh," he said.

"Oh, dear me, no! How can you put such a construction on my words? I am merely making a suggestion. You will leave with me all these transfer papers. You will ask Mr. Schwartzbrod and the six directors to send me their resignations. You will warn them not to draw a penny from the bank account of the company."

"The bank account of the company is already overdrawn," said the solicitor; then, apparently thinking he had spoken a little prematurely, he added hastily—"At least, so I understand. They have gone in largely for materials necessary for the development of the property."

"Oh, that is very interesting, Mr. Hahn! You don't happen to know at what time to-day the money was taken out?"

"I didn't say it was taken out to-day. I don't know when it was withdrawn."

"Of course not. Still, that is a trifle that really doesn't matter, and doubtless your principals will ask of me to allow them quietly to replace it."

"I cannot leave these transfer papers with you unless you sign that receipt. You know enough of business to understand that, I suppose. A man like myself, acting merely as agent, must have documentary proof that he has fulfilled his duty. If I leave the papers with you, I must bear away the signed receipt in lieu of them."

"I'll willingly sign a receipt, Mr. Hahn, simply acknowledging your delivery of the papers."

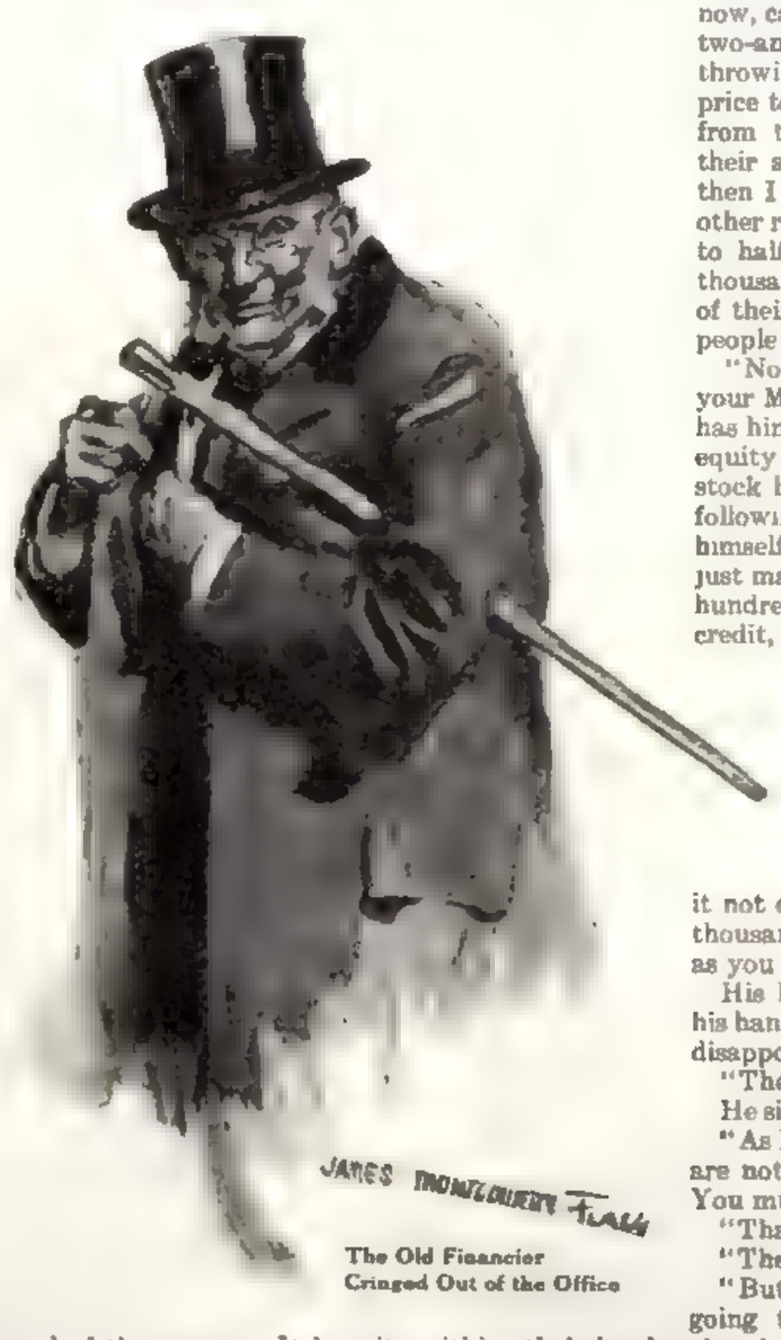
"My instructions were quite definite, my lord, and I dare not vary from them."

"Oh, I thought that Mr. Schwartzbrod had placed negotiations entirely in your hands, and would do as you advised!"

"I shall, of course, give him my best advice; but I honestly could not advise him to part with all his advantages in the situation, and receive nothing in return."

"His advantages? What are they?"

"Well, my lord, they are probably greater than you imagine. He and his colleagues have been elected president and board of directors of the Red Shallows Company. They hold office for a year. You spoke just now of the



The Old Financier
Cringed Out of the Office

withdrawal of the money. It is quite within their legal right to not only withdraw the money, but to issue debentures against the shares that you hold. If you read the articles of association you will see that this is so. Although you hold all the shares of the company, you cannot compel them to resign, and you cannot vote your stock until the next annual meeting, which is nearly twelve months distant. During that time the president and board of directors, who are clothed with large powers—for I myself drew up the articles of association, and I know their contents—these seven men may do practically what they please with your property, unless we come to an amicable settlement."

"Ah, who is threatening now, Mr. Hahn?"

"I am not, my lord. I am merely telling you, in the plainest possible words at my command, just how the situation stands."

"I thank you, Mr. Hahn, for the clarity of your explanation. I take it, then, that you cannot leave these documents with me?"

"Not unless you will sign that receipt, my lord."

"As I feel disinclined to do that, Mr. Hahn, and suffer no qualms of conscience whatever regarding the unlucky stockbrokers, I hereby return them to you, receipt and all. Now, you tell Mr. Schwartzbrod that the price of Red Shallows shares is one hundred pounds each, and, if there are seventy thousand shares coming to me which your principals cannot produce, their check for seven million pounds will do me quite as well."

"My lord, you pretend ignorance in business affairs. I suppose you are now trying to prove it. You cannot make the shares a hundred pounds apiece, nor can you enforce such an exorbitant condition through any court in the land. My principals would receive relief from any court of equity."

"It is not my intention, Mr. Hahn, to trouble the courts with the matter at all. In fact, I refuse to accept cash from your principals. They have sold me the shares, and I insist on the delivery of those shares. I happen to be the only person in the world who owns the shares, and my price for each share is a hundred pounds. Your principals will be compelled to beg me to sell them the shares. As a matter of fact, I do not intend to place any such figure upon them. I merely used a hundred pounds as an illustration. Of course, if I put them at that price I would break your principals, and no court in the kingdom could save them. To be perfectly frank with you—for I do not possess the mental qualification necessary to cope with business men of genius such as I doubt not your principals are—I will now tell you what I intend to do. I shall put the price of shares at exactly what your people sold them to the public for—that is, one pound each. They cannot complain of my doing what they have done themselves, now, can they? It is true that I bought these shares at two-and-six, but that also was not my fault. They, by throwing their shares on the market, knocked down the price to the figure I have named, and I bought the shares from the stockbrokers of your principals. If you say their action was not done to embarrass Mr. Mackeller, then I at once accept your statement as true. For some other reason they battered down the price from one pound to half-a-crown. A few weeks ago they had sold fifty thousand of these shares for one pound each, and, because of their unexplained smashing of the market, these good people lost a large portion of the money they had paid out.

"Now, surely, surely, being a just and equitable man, your Mr. Schwartzbrod cannot refuse to drink the cup he has himself brewed. He could not show even the court of equity that I was doing a usurious thing in placing the stock back at the figure he himself originally settled—in following the illustrious example of Mr. Schwartzbrod himself. Now, I leave it to you, Mr. Hahn, as a fair and just man, whose indignant expostulation at my figure of a hundred pounds was most laudable, and entirely to your credit, are you not surprised at my moderation?"

"I should hardly go so far as to say that, my lord. This stock cost you thirty thousand pounds ——"

"Oh, don't underestimate, Mr. Hahn; it cost thirty-seven thousand five hundred pounds."

"Even in that case, you are asking my principals to pay double. In other words, you will have deprived them of their property, getting it not only for nothing, but with a bonus of thirty-odd thousand pounds in cash. If that is not an act of piracy, as you said, what in the name of Heaven is it?"

His lordship shrugged his shoulders, and spread forth his hands. His expression showed that he was grieved and disappointed.

"Then, instead of thanking me ——"

He sighed deeply and did not continue the sentence.

"As I have informed you, Lord Stranleigh, my principals are not liable to you for those seventy thousand shares. You must seek your remedy against the stockbrokers."

"That is exactly what I shall not do."

"Then you will be nonsuited in the courts."

"But, my dear sir, haven't I been telling you I'm not going to the courts? Like all respectable pirates, I abominate a court of law. It's such a waste of time, don't you know? Not only shall I take no action against the stockbrokers, but if your principals do not agree in writing also to take no action against them, the price of shares shall rise suddenly. I am so much in sympathy with Mr. Schwartzbrod's tender feelings toward the stockbrokers that I intend to protect them, and I am sure you will forgive me if I say that I very much doubt if any of the stockbrokers exceeded their instructions, even though times are hard in the city."

"Then," said Mr. Hahn, rising and replacing the documents he brought once more in his inside pocket, "that is your ultimatum, is it?"

"I beg you, Mr. Hahn, not to give to my poor and stammering remarks so harsh a term. Ultimatum? Bless us all, no! I'm no President Kruger, but merely a somewhat lackadaisical man who is innocent of many of the ways of this wicked world. I hope you won't represent me to the virtuous Mr. Schwartzbrod as a hard, contentious person. Tell him that I'm the most easy person in the world to deal with. Tell him the moment he sends me his check for seventy thousand pounds—I hope it will be a little less—Mr. Mackeller, here, will figure out the exact amount, and run it into shillings and pence, and even farthings if necessary—the moment I get that check, the resignations, the guarantee that no harm will be done to the simple-minded stockbrokers, the balance in the bank, and some account of everything the company has done since it came into existence—why, tell him he has no greater admirer or well-wisher than myself."

(Concluded on Page 29)

Common Sense in Common Schools

By EDWIN G. COOLEY

SUPERINTENDENT CHICAGO PUBLIC SCHOOLS

Spend Their Time "Bumming"

WHAT is the trouble with our public schools? Thoughtful parents all over the land are asking this question with increasing persistency. They are entitled to a fair and frank answer, for they do not raise the issue in the spirit of the hypercritical public busybody pursuing the vocation of professional reform and flitting from one crusade to another, as the limelight of popular sentiment may chance to shift. They are anxious and sincere inquirers whose deepest concern is the welfare of their children, and it may as well be confessed, at the start, that there is cause for their anxiety.

For one thing, the trouble with our common schools is that they are not *common* enough. Of late the educational atmosphere has been clamorous with the cry: "Democratize the common schools!" While I may differ in my definition of the phrase from those who use it most, I am heartily in accord with the doctrine itself, as I understand it. To me this phrase means making the common schools more common; bringing them closer to the common people, adapting them more practically to the needs of the great body of pupils; bringing them into truer range with the life-work of the average boy and girl educated in them.

Some educators may see in this statement a lowering of ideals. The gunner who sends his shots high above the head of the enemy may have exalted ideals of patriotism, but he would do his country greater service if he would lower his aim to a point where his shots take effect.

There is no denying that our public schools are doing too much overhead shooting. This may have a sensational, almost heretical, ring, but I believe that the soundest educators in the country will confess to its truthfulness.

The great Huxley declared that "The educational ladder should have one end in the gutter and the other in the university"—and so it should. But that does not qualify the statement that our high schools, for example, have been closer to the colleges than to the people—nor does it render the fact less unfortunate. Probably this tendency to overshooting in our public-school educational system shows more plainly in our high schools than elsewhere. What is a common-school education for, unless it be to fit the mass of pupils for the practical duties of life? And if the high school leaves its pupils with only a preparation for college instead of a preparation for life, when most of its pupils cannot go on into college, does it not score a lamentable failure in efficiency and overshoot the educational mark?

I am profoundly convinced that great harm comes to public-school education in this country through the almost universal tendency to make a fetish of graduation. Instead of making the high school the People's College, the tendency of those who frame the curriculum is to make it merely a feeder to the university. And this false viewpoint is inevitably reflected by the great body of pupils. Any high-school principal will verify the statement that it is common to hear pupils say: "I can't graduate, so it isn't worth while to finish the course." Hundreds of thousands of pupils in this country cut short their schooling and drop out of the ranks, every year, for this reason and no other. In a word, they act from the standpoint that they are in the high school to graduate rather than to learn, and they voluntarily sacrifice the year or two years of instruction which should do most to equip them for the hard and practical struggle of life. Would they hold this false and foolish notion which tricks them into cheating themselves, if the architects of the public educational system had not been inoculated with the same idea?

The effect of treating the high school as a college feeder rather than a People's College is felt all along down the line of the elementary grades. The course of study in the lower grades is made subservient to the idea of high-school graduation in the same way that the high-school course is framed to fit the idea of the college or university. The grades of pupils are put through studies which no reasonable human being would assign them on any supposition other than that of graduating from high school and passing on to the college. And yet it is a certainty that only a small percentage of grade pupils enter the high school, to say nothing of being graduated from it, while the percentage of those who reach college is almost infinitesimal.

But concrete example is far more effective than abstract statement. Let me give an instance of our present high-school training, which is so typical that its truthfulness will be recognized and admitted by any principal of a large city school. Recently I became interested in a bright boy who was graduated from one of our high schools and whose circumstances made a college training impossible. On inquiry I found he was leaving the high school to go into a factory. What sort of preparation, I asked, had his schooling given him for the life upon which he was entering? His mother had helped him to get his education by "taking in washing." Such a sacrifice was worthy of rich and practical results. And those results were?—four years of Latin, two years of Greek, two years of German, one year of French, two years of mathematics, a minimum of English and history, and no civics or political economy! And the trouble was not with the boy—he had been placed at the educational feast and had eaten what was set before him, "asking no questions for conscience' sake." The curriculum, the whole educational scheme of the grade and high school, was responsible for his educational misfit. He had a good start for college and a professional career, but his equipment for making his way in a factory was about as deficient as the imagination could well suggest. And those who go the way of the factory, the store, the shop and the streets are thousands to the tens who persevere to the university classroom.

From the fact that a great body of pupils drop out of the grades of the city school when the demands of the compulsory education laws have been satisfied, the importance of another defect in our schools may be realized. I refer to the tendency to put the best teachers in the higher grades of the high school. This results in placing the instruction of the younger pupils—the greatest in numbers—in the hands of the teachers who are least "interesting," who are least capable of investing study with a charm and attraction that will arouse the interest and ambition of the pupils and lure them to continuing in school beyond the point of compulsion. If this defect in our common-school system were generally remedied, I cannot doubt that the ranks of those who "drop out" would be substantially diminished.

Only a slight review of the army of the boys who "drop out" of the schools of a large city is necessary to reveal two startling facts: first, that they assign as a reason for their indifference the fact that "there's no use going any more, because they can't graduate anyway"; second, that large numbers of them, as soon as this conclusion is reached, use the school as a blind to escape work and spend their time "bumming"—a technical term used to cover truancy and a "good time" ranging the streets and, generally, "shooting craps" in alleys and acquiring a comprehensive education in vice and degeneracy. This they can do with much greater facility when they are above the age covered by the compulsory education statutes. While it is impossible to give statistics on this matter, it is true that a very large proportion of pupils start upon this course of systematic truancy at the point where they become convinced that they are not elected to graduation.

I cannot escape the conviction that there is too much of a tendency, so far as our common schools are concerned, to educate the mass of our boys out of touch with their social and vocational needs—too much of a tendency to make prigs of them and to give them a dislike for any calling which will not allow them to wear nice clothes and keep their hands unsoiled. All honor to the boy who feels that he is called by his own natural gifts to do what his condition in life fits him for.

The educational system which stimulates the boy to rise above his environment and go higher in the vocational and social scale is a good system so long as it actually accomplishes this result in a fair percentage of cases; but it is not desirable when it achieves this at the cost of making a high percentage of educational misfits in order to elevate a few into the intellectual or professional pursuits.

Common-school training should be a common-sense training adjusted to bear directly upon the reasonable expectations of the mass of pupils, upon the needs of the community and the needs of the individual in his relation to his community. Probably many sons of mothers who have done washing and other manual labor as a means of livelihood have become professional men—lawyers, doctors, ministers, teachers and college professors; but I submit that, in the instance which I have just cited, a more sensible education for the boy in question would have been a solid grounding in the elemental and vocational studies—mathematics, English, manual training, physics and business subjects, instead of Latin, Greek, French and German. And those whose condition and prospects in life correspond to those of this boy are legion and form the great majority of the pupils of the public schools in the larger cities.

He is Likely to Cut a Wide Swath in the World's Affairs

After all, utility should be the supreme test in education. And this standard should be especially applied in shaping the course of study in the common schools. The statement that the curriculums of the public schools will not generally stand this test may be a surprise to many parents; but such is the lamentable fact. Until very recently it has taken a courageous educator to come out into the open and squarely defend the utilitarian theory of education and fight for vocational studies for their own sake On the other hand, there has been no lack of champions for the leisure-class theory of education. It has been fashionable to contend for those lines of study whose advantages must be mainly collateral rather than direct, for general mental discipline and a broad liberation and harmonious development of the faculties, as contrasted with a training calculated to fit the pupil for the successful pursuit of a vocation—although, perhaps, a humble one. Those who have had the hardihood to contend for the so-called "fads"—such as drawing, chemistry, manual training and household arts—seem to have often felt it necessary to make their defense along the line of the leisure-class theory of training by arguing that these studies should be pursued because they liberate the faculties, put an edge on the powers of observation and elevate the mind into the altitude of clear and logical thinking. For one, I have no hesitation in urging that the men who make the curriculums of our public schools put the emphasis on the elemental and the vocational studies because a majority of the pupils cannot hope to enter professional life, and should, therefore, be trained by the shortest and most direct cut to fit themselves for the life of labor in shops, stores and offices.

They are in the High School to Graduate Rather Than to Learn

One of the most important developments of modern education is the recognition that all pupils are not alike; that some are of the practical, executive type, while others are of a receptive and scholarly bent of mind. Under the old theory of education the receptive boy made a good showing in his school career, while the boy of the practical and executive turn had a poor standing as a pupil. But keen observers of educational currents could not escape the fact that a high percentage of the boys who scored little short of a failure in school quickly outdistanced the "studious" and "scholarly" boys in the

(Concluded on Page 19)

THE MAN HUNT

A STORY OF BROADWAY

By ARTHUR TRAIN

IX

RALSTON removed his dress coat and seized the opportunity for a quick glance around the room. Farrer had retaken his seat and the others were moving over to make room for an extra chair. The curtains tightly drawn repelled the eddying smoke which slowly drew toward the fireplace

Ralston had no time to study the men about him. He had recognized Steadman immediately, but it was apparent that Steadman himself was in no condition to recognize anybody. The boy sat, head down, in his chair with his eyes rolled toward the ceiling, apparently incapable of speech or action, yet suddenly returning to life and to complete lucidity at irregular intervals. Farrer he knew by reputation. The three other men were obviously professional card-sharps masquerading under the guise of men-about-town. Of what he should eventually do Ralston had no clear idea. It was obvious that the gang were not yet through with Steadman, and, moreover, that until Steadman wanted to go away he would stay where he was. He must fight for time and await his opportunity.

Farrer sat with his back to the door, the two chairs to his left being occupied by the gentlemen introduced as "Brown" and "Jones." Next to Jones and facing Farrer came Steadman, with "Robinson" between him and Ralston, who sat immediately to the right of Farrer and filled the last seat.

"Deal out," said Farrer to the man on his left. "It's getting late. Ante up, boys. I have a hunch that something is coming my way this time."

The dealer dealt rapidly round, using, Ralston was particular to notice, the same cards which had been laid on the table when he entered. It was clear that a pack "stacked" for five could not be used for six, and Ralston, picking up his hand and finding he had three jacks pat, pushed in his white chip

"I'll draw cards," said he quietly. All came in except Steadman, who threw his cards down upon the table with an oath.

The dealer handed the first two men three cards each, Ralston took two, Farrer three, and the dealer one. Although our novice did not improve his hand he raised a fifty-dollar bet made by the man upon his right by a blue chip. Farrer dropped out and the dealer raised Ralston another blue. The other two men dropped, and Ralston "saw" the dealer, who threw down a "busted" flush.

"Good work, old man," exclaimed Farrer. "You're no sucker. Deal for Mr. X, there, Robinson."

"I can deal for myself, thanks," remarked Steadman, and indeed he managed to do so surprisingly well

This time Ralston held nothing and declined to play, while Steadman won a small amount with two large pair. Each man had lying before him a pile of greenbacks held in place by a heavy paper-weight of brass surmounted by an ash receiver, Steadman's pile being composed almost entirely of ten-thousand-dollar bills.

Presently, Ralston found himself holding three queens on the deal and filled on the draw with a pair of nines. The cards had been running low and he had already won in the neighborhood of twelve or thirteen hundred dollars. The three queens following his three jacks struck him as rather a coincidence, and betting merely a white chip he watched the others for any hint of knowledge on their part. To his surprise all dropped out but Steadman, who had drawn but a single card and who raised him a blue chip. Ralston now raised in his turn a like amount, and Steadman, there now being nearly five hundred dollars on the table, raised him a yellow. But Ralston, feeling confident of his position, pushed in a brown—the first thousand-dollar bet he had ever made. The gamblers were watching them with interest.

"I win," said Steadman, shoving over a brown chip and throwing down a flush. "All sky blue!"

"Sorry," answered Ralston—"three ladies and a little pair."

"Curse the luck," growled Steadman. "One more hand and I quit."

"Quit?" cried one of the men. "Why, the game's young yet. Nobody's won or lost anything to speak of. Don't go *now*. Mr. Sackett wants to play and he's got a lot of our money. We're entitled to our revenge."

"I didn't ask him to play," mumbled Steadman. "I'm sick of the game, and I don't feel just right. I feel sort of sick. I'm only goin' to play one more hand."

"All right. Jack pot," cried Farrer cheerfully. "It's a house rule. Jack pots on all full houses containing the royal family. A 'palace pot' we call it. Give us a new pack."

One of the men leaned back and reached down a new unopened pack from a side table. The cards they had been playing with were red. These were blue and the revenue stamp was unbroken. But a new pack on a declaration that the game was going to end struck Ralston as curiously unnecessary. The air in the room was beginning to make his head swim, and a glance at his watch disclosed that it was half after five. It was time for him to get Steadman away, but how to do it?

"Hundred-dollar ante," said Farrer, shuffling the cards ostentatiously and dealing himself a jack. They each put in a blue. Steadman was helplessly fumbling his chips, counting and recounting them. Silence fell upon the table as Farrer tossed the cards accurately to each player.

Steadman's fifth card struck his glass, balanced and fell slowly over. It was a deuce of hearts.

"I beg your pardon," exclaimed Farrer apologetically

J. H. FLAGG

Without Another Word the Irishman Lifted Him Across the Sidewalk

"Hang you!" escaped from one of the others, and Ralston saw that the man's hands were trembling.

"I won't take that card," said Steadman, awaking suddenly as out of a trance. "It's no good. Gimme another."

Farrer flushed.

"I'm sorry; you'll have to take it. It's on the deal, not the draw. The rule is as old as the game."

"I say I won't take it," snarled Steadman. "I haven't seen my hand. I won't take it. I'll stay out, but I won't pick up that card—it's no good." He gave a silly laugh.

One of the other men sprang to his feet.

"You've got to take it!" he cried. "You can't refuse it. You've got to abide by the rules."

"Sit down, you fool," shouted Farrer almost losing control of himself. "Who's running this game? Mr. Steadman can't have another card. He can look at his hand, and if he wants to stay out he can, but he's got to play the cards he's got. Pick up your hand, old man. Don't let's get upset over a little thing like that. Why, it may be the very card you want."

But Steadman's obstinacy was aroused.

"I won't do either," said he. "You can't make me play. I can stay out, can't I? I can forfeit my ante. That's my own business, ain't it? Well, I'll watch you fellers play for once. What's a blue chip!"

"You fool," broke in one of the others. "Why don't you look at your cards? Don't throw away a hundred dollars like that. Here, if you're so proud, I'll look at 'em for you—and stay out."

He reached out, but Steadman struck his hand away.

"Touch those cards if you dare!" he shouted, his eyes glaring. "Leave my cards alone!"

"Gentlemen! Gentlemen!" exclaimed Farrer soothingly. "Of course, Mr. Steadman can refuse to play if he likes. It's his privilege. Won't you change your mind? Well, take out your chip—nobody objects. Count it a dead hand."

"My chip stays in and I stay out," muttered Steadman.

Ralston saw a furtive look pass between two of the others. Farrer dealt the remaining cards and picked up his hand, grunting as he looked at his cards. The man next him swore softly.

"I can't open it," he growled.

"Nothin' doin'," said the second gambler.

Steadman remained staring at his deuce of hearts.

"By me!" remarked the third gambler. Then Ralston picked up his hand. He felt as he used to feel when under the student lamp in his college room he had calculated the chances of filling a bobtail straight as against a four flush. The others were watching him eagerly. Four jacks closely backed one another in his hand. He could hardly suppress a grin.

"Ye-es, I'll open it," he remarked hesitantly. He toyed with the yellows and the browns. Then his fingers slipped across the pile. "I'll let you all in easy," he said affably, "for a little white seed."

The gambler across the table bit his lips.

"Well, I'm in!" exclaimed Farrer with an affectation of lightheartedness. "It's just about my limit."

The three others pushed in their chips without comment. Each of them took one card. Ralston took one. Farrer took four.

"Ah!" sighed the latter, half to himself.

"Well, this looks pretty good to me," said the first gambler with a slight smile, pushing in a brown chip.

The second gambler pursed up his lips and shrugged his shoulders "Suits me, too," he remarked good-naturedly; "I'll up you a thousand."

He contributed two brown chips with great deliberation. Steadman was giggling foolishly.

"Where would I have been?" he gibbered. "The tall grass wouldn't have hidden me."

The third gambler now came into the game. It appeared that he, also, thought highly of his hand, for he raised both his comrades by a brown chip.

"One, two—and back again!" he murmured. "I've got you pinched. Only six thousand in the pot—and four aces will take it all! Come right in, Mr. Sackett, the water's warm." They watched him covetously.

"Oh, I don't know," answered Ralston with deliberation. "I have one or two cards myself. They look pretty good to *me!* But then I'm not used to the game. I wonder if you'd stand a raise." He picked up four brown chips and counted them slowly. They eyed him, hardly breathing. Then Ralston laid the chips back on the table.

"No," said he regretfully. "It's too high for me. Here are my openers," and he threw down his hand face upward on the table.

"Four j-jacks!" stammered Steadman, rubbing his eyes. "Four j-jacks!"

The others, with the exception of Farrer, had arisen and stood glowering at Ralston.

"What's this?" exclaimed Farrer harshly.

"What's your game?" cried another.

"Nothing, gentlemen. I lie down. That's all. It's my privilege."

The gambler placed his cards on the table.

"Aren't you going to finish the game?" asked Ralston with elaborate sarcasm.

"Of course, we are," shot back Farrer. "Only to see a man do a fool thing like that is enough to bust up any game." He looked at his cards.

"I'm out," he added shortly.

The first gambler did not seem to regard his hand any longer with favor, for he "dropped" immediately. So also did the second, and the third drew the chips toward him, no cards having been disclosed.

Steadman was still giggling feebly.

"I say," he mumbled again, "you *are* easy! Four jacks! Oh, my! Oh ——"

"Do you think so?" inquired Ralston politely, as he reached quickly across the table and, picking up the first gambler's hand, turned it over. The man grabbed for the cards, but he was an instant too late. Four aces lay under the gaslight.

"Not so easy, eh?" continued Ralston. "Pretty good judgment, it seems to me. I'll have my ante back, if you please," and he replaced one of the blue chips on his own pile. "It requires more nerve to lay down four aces than four jacks."

The men stared at him without speaking, and Farrer arose abruptly.

"I supposed I was in a respectable game," he announced with severity. "If you gentlemen," turning to Ralston and Steadman, "will step downstairs I will adjust matters with you. As for you," addressing the other three, "make yourselves scarce and never come into my house again." They moved slowly toward the door.

"Don't worry on our account, Mr. Farrer," remarked Ralston suavely. "I'm sure the matter was merely a coincidence. Seeing a man lie down on four jacks is enough to account for any apparent little irregularity." But, before he had finished, the three, closely followed by Farrer, had departed. Then Ralston looked over to where Steadman was sitting with a smile of utter lassitude.

"We were well out of that, I fancy," said he.

"I wonder what *I* had," answered Steadman dreamily. He fumbled unsteadily for his hand and turned it over card by card.

The first was a deuce of spades.

"Oh!" he remarked, "a pair of 'em, anyhow."

The next was a deuce of diamonds, and the last a deuce of clubs.

Steadman looked stupidly around the table.

"Four little twos!" he muttered. "And *you* had four knaves and he had four aces. I guess there's a special Providence looking out for *me*. Say, what won that pot, anyway?"

Farrer suddenly reappeared at the door.

"Here's your money, gentlemen," he remarked, counting the chips in front of each of them and throwing down the appropriate number of bills. "Sorry to have the game broken up in such a way, but these sharps get in everywhere. I hope you won't mention the incident. I have a very fine line of patrons and nothing of the kind has ever occurred before."

As he turned away, Steadman raised his eyes and looked the gambler full in the face.

"Farrer," said he, "you've robbed me—you and your gang. Sometime I'll make you pay for it, you—thief!" Then the fire died as suddenly as it had come, his head dropped forward listlessly, his eyes rolled ceilingward, and he fell to mumbling and muttering to himself. Ralston sprang to his side as Farrer slid through the door.

"I'm Dick Ralston," he said. "Don't you recognize me?"

Steadman gazed at him stolidly.

"Rals'on?" he muttered. "Rals'on? So you are! I guess you are. Why not? What of it?"

He put his head on his arms and leaned them against the table-top.

Ralston grasped him by the shoulder and shook him roughly.

"Pull yourself together!" he cried. "You must get out of here quickly." He shook Steadman again.

"Don't you understand?" he said sharply. "Your regiment leaves in an hour. *Your regiment!* Your company!"

Steadman looked at him dully. But a certain obstinacy was in his thick voice.

"Rats!" he muttered. "I've chucked all that. Regiment can go for all of me, unless it wants to wait."

"You fool!" shouted Ralston. "Don't you see it's the end of you if you don't go!"

"The end's come already! I'm a dead one now!"

"Get up there!" returned Ralston. "I'll put you at the head of your company in forty minutes. Get up, I say."

"Don't be an ass, Rals'on!" snarled Steadman. "I'll do as I choose. I tell you it's too late!"

"It's nothing of the kind. Why, man, your uniform's all ready for you. They haven't started yet. Buck up!"

"You seem awful interested, it strikes me."

"Never mind that. Just be thankful some one cared enough to give you the tip. Come on, now."

"Don't You Understand?" He Said Sharply. "Your Regiment Leaves in an Hour. *Your Regiment!*"

"I tell you it's too late. How —— —— can I go—to *her*?" Steadman laughed in a sickly fashion.

Ralston's heart sank and his gorge rose. Had he sacrificed his future for a cad like this? And was he going to fail besides?

"You miserable snipe!" he cried, for an instant utterly losing control of himself.

"You sha'n't—insult me!" chattered Steadman, rising unsteadily to his feet. In a flash Ralston perceived the possibilities of the situation.

"You are a coward, Steadman!" he cried. "A welsher!"

Steadman's eyes glared wildly. "I'll kill you for that!" he gasped.

"Come on down and fight it out then, if you're a man," sneered Ralston, turning and making his way to the head of the stairs. Steadman groped his way after him.

"Come on, you welsher!" taunted Ralston.

With an inarticulate cry of anger, Steadman clasped the banisters and half slid, half stumbled to the entrance hall.

"I'll fight you here!" he cried. "I'll kill you!"

"No! No!" answered Ralston. "Outside."

Marcus attempted to put on Steadman's coat, but the latter fought him angrily off. Then he staggered and nearly fell.

"Oh, I'm sick!" he cried. "I can't see."

"Catch him!" directed Ralston, springing to his side and guiding him across the threshold. They led him down the steps, hustled him across the sidewalk and into the hansom.

"Where to?" inquired the cabby automatically.

"John McCullough's—drive like mad!" replied Ralston.

X

"KEEP away from me," muttered Steadman, as Ralston climbed into the cab beside him. "Keep away, or I'll kill you!" His face had turned a livid yellow, and he lay limp against the cushions. The cabby started his horse round the corner into the Avenue.

"Steadman!" cried Ralston, sick at heart, "Steadman, old man! I apologize! I beg your pardon! Do you understand? *I apologize!* It was just a trick to get you out—away."

"Ugh!" groaned the other.

"Brace up. You'll be all right in a minute. All right in a minute. Understand? Fit as a preacher!"

"I don't know. I'm awfully sick!"

They raced down the Avenue in silence until, with a sharp turn, the hansom dashed into East Twenty-seventh Street and stopped with a lurch in front of a low, red-brick house close to the corner.

The clock on the corner church showed that he had less than an hour, as Ralston rushed up the steps and rang the bell. The door was almost instantly opened by a heavily-built man with a pleasant Irish face.

"Hello, Mr. Ralston!" he ejaculated.

"Sh!" answered the other. "Get this man out quick and into the house. You've got to knock him into shape inside of ten minutes. He's at the end of a long one. Ten minutes—do you understand?"

"Leave him to me," answered the matter-of-fact McCullough. Then, crossing to the cab, "Give me your arm, sir," he said to Steadman.

"Leave me alone!" muttered Steadman.

Without another word the Irishman put his arms around him, and, as if he were a child, lifted him to the ground, across the sidewalk, and into the house.

Ralston followed and closed the door. Outside, the cabby fell asleep again and the horse stood with one hip six inches higher than the other and its head between its legs.

"Hi, there, Terry. Sthrip off the gent's clothes!"

Another husky Irishman appeared from somewhere, and the two led Steadman into a sort of dressing-room, where they speedily relieved him of his garments. Without a pause McCullough opened a glass door into a tiled passage, at the end of which could be seen another door clouded with steam. First, however, he poured a teaspoonful of liquor into the palm of his hand and held it to Steadman's face. "Snuff it up yer nose!" said he.

Steadman seemed dazed. Like a half-resuscitated man he did as he was told, gagging and coughing.

"Come here, now," said Terry.

Steadman walked quietly down the passage.

"Only for a minute," said the bath man.

He opened the door and shoved Steadman in, closing and locking it behind him.

"That's all he needs," commented McCullough.

"How long will you give him?"

"Just foive minutes. He didn't loike the stuff."

Ralston laughed softly. He knew what Twentieth Century miracles McCullough could work.

"Have you got a telephone?" he inquired.

"Shure," answered Mac, leading the way to the office.

Ralston lost no time in calling up the Armory.

"I want Clarence. Send him to the 'phone!"

A wait of a couple of minutes followed.

"Is that you, Clarence?"

"Yassah."

"Jump on a car and bring Mr. Steadman's uniform and valise to —— East Twenty-seventh Street at once."

When he returned to the passage Steadman was beating feebly on the glass door from the inside. Terry grinned and shook his head, holding up two fingers. The tortured one threw himself in agony into a steamer chair, only to leap instantly to his feet with a yell of pain.

"Are you ready?" Terry inquired of his employer.

"Shure."

They threw open the door and each grabbed an arm of their victim, dragging him down the passage into the dressing-room. Another door opened into a room in which was a large tank. Without ceremony the two Irishmen swung their glistening patient off the edge and into the water. Steadman shrieked, choked and splashed helplessly.

(*Continued on Page 30*)

At the Head of His Company Came Steadman

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Poor Richard Junior's Philosophy

℄ What is home without a letter from the President?

℄ Why is it that hard times and hard drinks go together?

℄ If you don't mind your own business, somebody else will.

℄ Mr. Root says our financiers are becoming honest. Will any financier say as much for the lawyers?

Labeling the Gun-Toter

THE Alabama Legislature will presently consider a bill providing that any person who carries a pistol must take out a license and wear a neat metal badge with the word "Armed" thereon. It is urged that, if such a law were generally enforced, the rate of mortality among innocent bystanders beyond the Ohio River would be considerably reduced. A prudent stranger, observing two labeled gentlemen approach each other with cold looks, would step around the corner.

It is also said that the act would interfere with the "unwritten law." But this is improbable. The most binding section of the unwritten law requires that the victim be killed without having any chance to defend himself. By waiting, therefore, until the victim appeared with his badge off, the unwritten-law hero could perform his homicide with even greater assurance of complete personal safety than at present. The badge, however, should be of cloth, not of metal. The latter would be awkward for evening wear, when good form proscribes metallic ornaments.

On the whole we rather favor the badge idea; but for reasons somewhat different from those which actuated the author. Our own limited observation has led us to form a suspicion that, in about nine cases out of ten, the man who habitually carries a pistol in a civilized community is one whose highest potentiality for doing harm would probably be experienced by some person who happened to be in his line of flight and suffered collision with him when he was running away. The typical characteristics of the bully are quite generally understood. There might, indeed, be a danger, under this bill, that newsboys and other thoughtless youngsters of their type would take a mischievous advantage of the quality which the badge and the pistol advertised, and heap great personal indignities upon the wearer.

Probably the bill should be amended to make the legend on the badge read:

"He is Armed; Please Do Not Kick Him."

The Price of Wheat

THE bulls yelled lustily the other day when wheat at Chicago crossed the dollar mark. But the farmers of Kansas and Nebraska were not yelling—partly because they had sold their wheat some time before at about sixty cents a bushel, and partly because the rise at Chicago was due to bad prospects for their growing crop.

Wheat is a staple of the staples, the "staff of life." But its price is not beneficially affected by prosperous times like the prices of steel, cloth, boots and other manufactured staples. In 1906 wheat was worth no more in dollars and cents than in 1897. Most other staples advanced meanwhile from ten to forty per cent.

The last six years the United States had produced four billion bushels of wheat. Broadly speaking, the price of the whole product is fixed at the Chicago market. Again broadly speaking, the price at Chicago is fixed, or at least very largely controlled, by the export price. Taking it by and large, cash wheat at Chicago is worth what the article will fetch at Liverpool and Antwerp, less the freight. The last six years the United States has supplied less than one-fourth of the export demand, the remainder coming from Russia, Argentina, the Danubian States, India and Australasia—all countries abounding in pauper labor. Again, in the six years, less than one-fourth of the wheat produced in the United States has been exported. Yet the price, not only of this fourth, but of the remaining three-fourths, has been fixed in competition with the growers and the pauper labor of Russia and India.

We do not commend these facts to the protectors of home labor, because it is well settled that all they can do is stand pat. Probably no benevolent intervention on their part is required. The domestic consumption of wheat in the United States has been increasing with good times. This is very notably true of the last two years. The time is not far distant, we hope, when all the wheat produced in this country will be consumed here.

France produces as much wheat per capita as the United States; consumes every bushel of it at home; and the price to the grower is at least thirty per cent. higher than in this country. Exporting wheat swells the balance of trade, but it is nevertheless expensive to the farmer, for the fraction that is exported, in competition with Eastern Europe, South America and Asia, makes the price on the whole crop.

Charity's Multi-Colored Mantle

THE perennial inquisitive citizen has disguised himself as a tramp, made the usual spring round of charity organizations and reported results.

Quite often he got cold comfort. The organizations whose offerings were of that nature have put in the usual defense—namely, that "scientific charity does not give indiscriminately."

It is good to have organizations to look after necessitous persons—who might otherwise do considerable social damage—and relieve their wants on the most economical, carefully administered and businesslike plan. But charity can no more be scientific than piety can be mathematical or faith chemical. When a man can expand his soul with the love of God by means of a slide-rule and a table of logarithms, then he can exercise the emotion of charity by means of a cautious, calculating, suspicious, business organization.

What calls itself "scientific charity" is a purely prudential, business affair—a form, in fact, of social insurance. Some of the organizations are informed by a humane, sympathetic spirit. Others feel just like an insurance office when the management suspects that you have set fire to the risk. The applicant for relief is scientifically investigated to make sure that he is really at his last gasp, and relief, scientifically adjusted to the lowest premium that will carry the risk, is appropriated for him. This is good sociology and good business, but it has no relationship to that which was described as "the greatest of these," and no right to use that name.

Theoretically, in these good times, every man willing to work can find a job. But the State officer in charge of the public employment bureau at Chicago reports that several thousand skilled workmen are out of employment in that city and unable to place themselves. This is due to the abrupt and extensive laying off of hands in two great plants. No doubt these men will soon find work. But don't be too scientific.

Damming a Deep Waterway

THE Illinois Legislature has adjourned to October, by which time it hopes to take some steps in forwarding a deep waterway from the Lakes to the Gulf.

The State is much interested in this project. It has, in the Chicago drainage canal between that city and Joliet, a long beginning on the work that would have to be done within its own borders. Chicago spent about forty million dollars in the construction of this canal, and the legislature recently granted power to raise about twenty millions more for extension and collateral work. The Illinois delegation in Congress felt confident of getting a substantial boost for the waterway from the National Government. The legislature held a "hang-over" session especially to further the project.

But, some years ago, a little private concern—that is, an affair of three or four million dollars—procured the right to develop and use, at Joliet, a portion of the water-power derivable from the drainage canal. This private concern would not agree to the plans for extending the canal. It was offered an equivalent of the rights which it now has, to be determined by an independent board of engineers. It preferred to stick to the letter of its bond, unless the trustees would buy it off on terms which they deemed intolerable.

We do not blame the private concern. Everybody knew that it was an enterprise organized solely for the profit of its stockholders. It never pretended to be anything else. To suppose that it would not seek this profit along any avenue which was opened to it is just like supposing that water will not run downhill. But, we hope, in time the folly of tacking irrevocable vested private interests upon public property—whether drainage canals or city streets—will become apparent. Constitutions ought to provide that no irrevocable franchises may be granted to private concerns.

Unfortunately, constitutions are mostly looking out for the other side.

Intellectual Anti-Fat

THE Austrian elections—the first to be held under the new universal suffrage law—resulted in a great gain for the Socialists. That party will have upward of sixty seats.

On the whole, we are glad that Austria is a long way off. The last elections in this country indicate that Socialism in the United States, as an organized political factor, is as yet of slight relative importance. Yet this fraction of a per cent. keeps strong men in a chronic agony. Their sufferings, should the Socialist party here ever gain five per cent. of the relative importance that it has long enjoyed in France and Germany, would be simply indescribable. Probably they would have to migrate to France or Germany in order to endure life at all.

This obviously is not because there is anything dreadful about Socialism itself—which merely contemplates a chance of emphasis. Where it most flourishes nothing happens, for example, like that famine which is now putting many thousands of the Czar's subjects to cruel death. But if one thinks of Socialism at all, he must think upon a subject that his forefathers didn't think all out for him. The exercise sweats his brains. To intellectuals of a certain adipose density this is exceedingly painful.

Sometimes when we contemplate Lilliputian Socialism in the United States—more or less at odds with itself and with no foothold upon National politics—flourishing its dogma at Brobdingnagian Conservatism, while perspiration drips from the latter's brow and shriek after shriek bursts from its pallid lips, we think there ought to be a humane society to stop it. Perhaps the treatment, while painful, is really good for the patient. One journal of influence has progressed so far as to discover and announce in blackest type that "Socialism Means Revolution!" As this is just what the Socialists themselves have been saying for forty years, in all the kinds of type they could procure, we are warranted in suspecting that it is true; yet we fail to see the importance of the discovery.

War as Painlessly Waged

AN ENGLISH enthusiast has been delightedly dreaming in print of a not-distant future when aërial navigation will be perfected, and all inland towns will become even more open to attack than seaports now are. With zest he pictures the enemy's lofty fleet blowing up London or devastating Chicago, while the whole surrounding country "will experience the agonizing suspense of a beleaguered city."

It is a sweet dream, but it will never come true. Humanity will forbid. The week after the empyrean warship is constructed the Powers will meet at The Hague and agree that nothing more harmful than pamphlets shall be dropped from the flying monster. Many million dollars have been expended in developing the submarine torpedo-boat, as yet untried in war. Already pity grows uneasy over the human havoc which this device may cause. We shouldn't be surprised if there were an international agreement next year restricting the use of submarines to Fourth of July exhibitions.

The Powers will not disarm. They will spend money more and more lavishly in constructing formidable engines of war—shuddering and losing sleep the while over the wounds and death that these machines will deal. We must not give up the idea of war. That would be effeminate. But we must kill the foe only in the gentlest possible manner.

A fierce battle with chloroform would be the modern ideal; but, alas, the Powers have agreed that projectiles containing noxious gases must not be used. We must fight, but, so to speak, with our faces averted from the suffering that results.

It is obvious that every one of these humane restraints upon war tends decidedly to prolong the fighting and to increase its cost. A dum-dummed foe is disposed of. One humanely perforated with an antiseptic, steel-cased bullet is back on the field in a week. Therefore, war becomes more and more a test of financial resources. Russia had plenty of Cossacks left, but could not float another loan while hostilities continued.

We think the Powers should frankly accept this fact, and agree that in all future wars rifles must be loaded with dollar bills, cannon with government bonds, and that then the side which first runs out of ammunition must confess itself defeated.

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

The Cowboy Mayor

HYPOTHETICAL questions being all the rage in some of our centres of culture, it may not be amiss to hypothet a little just to follow the trend. Here's one:

Suppose the Young Women's Christian Association—the Young Women's Christian Association, mark you!—of Boston, New York or Philadelphia needed seven thousand dollars to complete a hundred-thousand-dollar building fund; and suppose the building committee, having exhausted every other method of obtaining the desired money, went to Mayor Fitzgerald or Mayor McClellan or Mayor Reyburn and asked him to issue an appeal to the people of Boston or New York or Philadelphia to subscribe liberally so the work could begin.

Let that sink into your mind: Y. W. C. A.—Boston, New York or Philadelphia—seven thousand—need the money—want an appeal to the people by the mayor.

And suppose Mayor Fitzgerald or Mayor McClellan or Mayor Reyburn decided to issue the appeal to help these ladies along. And suppose, further, either of these mayors, after reciting the needs of the young women, had written thus, in a public proclamation, and pasted it on the front door of the City Hall:

"This is a grand work and will be a credit to the city. Loosen up! Any of you can give one dollar; others can give five, ten, fifty or a hundred dollars. Why not get your chips in the centre of the table? Lots of you will shake dice for either of those amounts, spend that much over the bar or do some other fool thing to burn up your money. The game closes next Tuesday night. Why not help out on this? You will never miss it, and when you see the building and the good it is doing you will always feel happy that you helped just a little. JAR LOOSE!"

Third and last lap: Suppose Mayor Fitzgerald or Mayor McClellan or Mayor Reyburn had written those exact words, what would have happened?

Answer by entire company, with anvil and trombone effects:

Why, the populace and the newspapers and the proletariat and the upper circles would have gone up in the air like a flock of Aëro Club balloons, on a demonstration spin headed north, and come down sixty-six miles sou'-sou'-west, as Aëro Club balloons always do when engaged in demonstrating the practicability of aërial navigation, provided, of course, they go up at all.

Got What He was Riding For

BUT when the Honorable James C. Dahlman, Mayor of Omaha, wrote those exact and burning words, and published them, the people of Omaha did not go up in the air. They jarred loose, and the young women got the money. You see, the Honorable Jim is the only cowboy mayor now on exhibition, and he uses cowboy language to express his thoughts. The older families of Omaha, having arrived about fifty years ago from sacrosanct Massachusetts and gobbled many of the choice corner-lots, disapproved. They said the proclamation lacked dignity. Still, it came home with the seven thousand dollars, which, as Mr. Dahlman tersely expresses it, "was what I was riding for."

There have been cowboy poets and cowboy musicians and cowboy preachers—many of them fakes—but Omaha has a sure-enough cowboy mayor, and Omaha seems to be joyous about it. Dahlman rode the ranges when he was a lad, punched cows on the Texas Panhandle, in the Northwest and in Nebraska. He is a thin, wiry man, not more than five feet seven inches tall and weighing about one hundred and forty pounds. He is mild-mannered, soft-spoken, unobtrusive. His chin is square and his lips thin and tightly compressed. His eyes are deep-sunken and he has the round head of a fighter. He has a record of being afraid of nothing, and he has made it good—a bad man in a mix, he has an uncomfortable habit of looking his opponents straight in the eyes and asking, in a dispassionate manner, what they intend to do about it.

He went into politics in Nebraska and was sheriff for six years of one of the outlying counties. Then he became Democratic National Committeeman, and, as such, developed into the closest political friend of William Jennings Bryan. When Bryan toured the country in 1900 Dahlman was his majordomo, if the Commoner allowed anything on the train that sounds so nifty as majordomo. Always for Bryan, he has half a dozen pictures of The Peerless in his mayor's office and is dreaming constantly of the time when his hero will get into the White House.

Mayor Dahlman and His Cowboy Quartet After Campaign of 1906

Dahlman came to Omaha from the country and went into the commission business. He looked the ground over and decided it was time the city had a Democratic mayor. There hadn't been one for seventeen years, and Dahlman started out to break the spell. He announced himself as a candidate.

The old-timers said: "Well, he's got a nerve! Only lived here a few years and wants to be mayor! Nothing in it, gentlemen—posi-tive-ly nothing in it."

But there was something in it, to wit: James C. Dahlman, Esquire, cowboy, and they couldn't stop him. He was nominated by the Democrats. The opposition put up a most respectable and high-minded person who used a glove when he was shaking hands with the voters.

"Cowboy!" screamed the opposition. "Cowboy! Ya-a-ah, nothing but a cowboy!"

"Fine," said Dahlman. "Cowboy is good enough for me. I'll put my chips on that."

Out for the Grafters

SO, A NIGHT or two after the cowboy reproach began to circulate Dahlman went to a meeting and made a speech. "They've been out West looking up my record," he said, "and they find I have been a cowboy. You bet I was a cowboy, and I want to say here that I was a good cowboy. No steer ever came down the pike that was too big or too swift or too ugly for me to rope and tie. No horse ever came out of the corral that I couldn't ride until he was worn to a frazzle. No bronco could buck me off, and no bronco can yet. And I want to say to you people of Omaha that I am still a cowboy, and if any of your grafters and crooks come at me when I'm mayor—for I am going to be mayor—I'll rope and tie 'em and brand 'em quicker than I ever roped and tied a steer, and that's going some."

Whereupon there were loud cries, and the opposition took a new tack. "He played poker," they said.

"You bet I played poker," answered Dahlman, "and I play poker now, and if there is any man in this audience who ever sat in with me and didn't know he'd been in a poker game after he got through with me I want him to stand up so I can see the color of his hair."

More loud cries and tumult and miscellaneous noise

Meantime, Dahlman had organized his cowboy quartet, four young chaps who could sing, dressed them in cowboy rig, chaps and all, with big pistols and broncos, and the cowboy quartet permeated Omaha, singing and firing pistols at every Dahlman meeting and bringing out great crowds. It looked like a sweep for Dahlman

The opposition was nervous. "He couldn't write a veto message grammatically, or make a grammatical speech if he was elected," they said.

"Now, here," replied Dahlman, "I was born out in a frontier town and there were seven of us in the family. There was a sod schoolhouse a few miles away and we didn't get much schooling, because we had to work pretty hard to help out our daddy and support the family. I'll admit I ain't very strong on grammar, but I've got horse-sense. I suppose, I can hire a man to write my veto message for me and my speeches, and fix them up nice and grammatical—I suppose I can do that and it won't cost me much—but I want to tell you, folks, I'm not going to do it. Whenever a crooked ordinance comes up to me I'll take the biggest bottle of red ink I can find and the stubbiest pen, and I'll write across it: 'Nothing doing; Jim Dahlman!' and that'll be grammatical enough for you to understand."

The noise and cheering with which this announcement was greeted was something scandalous. The Omaha people liked Dahlman's talk, apparently, for they gave him three thousand plurality, and the cowboy is in the mayor's office, roping and tying them, just as he said he would.

Dahlman was second in command in the band of cowboys Seth Bullock took to President Roosevelt's inauguration in 1905. He is a Democrat, but he went at Seth Bullock's request, Seth being the particular, intimate friend of the President and anxious to bring the best cowboys in the West along. They had a dizzy time in Washington and a delirious time in New York, where Dahlman led them. They roped everything on Pennsylvania Avenue and everything on Broadway, and were roped a few times themselves. When Dahlman got back he was told that he and his cowboys were undignified when in the East. "I know it," said Dahlman; "but, if we had been dignified, nobody would have knowed we were there. Dignity is as common as dirt in Washington and New York, but cowboys is some scarce."

He's a cowboy mayor, sure enough, real and undiluted. "Don't shoot at mad dogs when running in the street," he said in a proclamation to his policemen recently. "Ten to one you can't hit the dogs and you may hit somebody on the sidewalk. As pistol marksmen you are not deuce high. When you see a mad dog coming, rope him, and rope him quick."

And the policemen of Omaha are now practicing with lariats, for what the cowboy mayor says goes as it lays.

The Dictionary as a Diet

WHEN a man has anything named after him he may be said to be reasonably famous. Everybody from St. Louis west knows the Rossington cocktail, although it must not be inferred from that that everybody drinks it.

Rossington lives in Topeka. He is a lawyer, a wit, an orator, a story-teller, and knows as many people worth while as anybody in the country.

At times his language is so ornate it makes his hearers dizzy. One day at the Topeka Club some member, plagued by the spelling of a word, hunted for a dictionary. He did not find it.

"Haven't we got a dictionary in this club?" he asked.

"We did have one," said Dave Mulvane, "but Rossington ate it."

The Hall of Fame

¶ Senator Heyburn, of Idaho, weighs more than any other Senator.

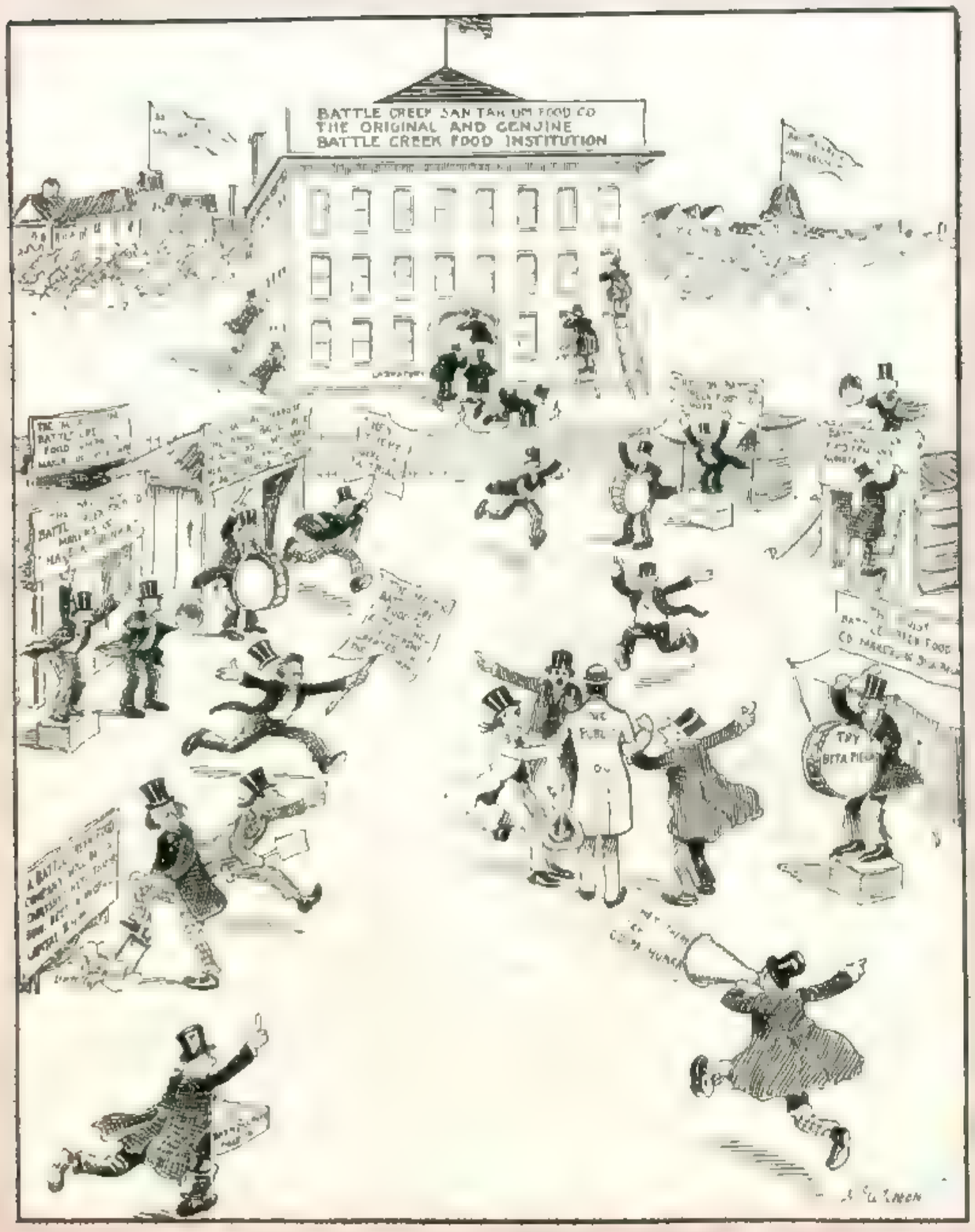
¶ Representative Finis J. Garrett, of Tennessee, was so named because his father hoped he would be.

¶ Baron Nelson, owner of the Kansas City Star, eats two apples instead of luncheon. The Baron is trying to reduce a bit.

¶ Richard Metcalfe, who edits Mr. Bryan's Commoner for him, writes tender essays about childhood and youth and love when he is not writing politics.

¶ The souvenir postal-card that has the greatest sale in Lincoln has the picture of W. J. Bryan and Mrs. Bryan on it. All the tourists send it home to their friends.

¶ Colonel Hamilton Young, who has charge of the Capitol wires for the Western Union at Washington, was the first operator to send press dispatches from the Capitol by telegraph.



The Stor Food th

THIS is a cartoon by the famous McCutcheon. It was drawn for and published in a great Chicago Daily, at the time of the wheat flake deluge. You remember how you were confused by the countless number of wheat flakes that were placed on the market then.

That was several years ago. But the same conditions confront the public today in regard to corn flakes.

It is simply another case of history repeating itself.

So we are reproducing the cartoon at this time,

Because it tells our story in much more forceful manner than we could tell it in words, and

Because it was based on actual facts.

Kellogg's Toasted Corn Flakes is the product of the original health food makers of Battle Creek, Michigan. It was the first Toasted Corn Flakes.

Ten years were spent in perfecting its delicious flavor and dainty crispness.

When we were satisfied that this flavor was right we placed it on the market under the name of Toasted Corn Flakes.

KELLOGG'S Is
Or

TOASTED CO

W. K. Ke

Toasted Corn Flake Co., Ba

'y of the
at Won

That was a little more than a year ago. Its success was almost instantaneous. Never before had a breakfast food gained such popularity in so short a time.

Now the imitators shown in McCutcheon's cartoon are busy again.

In their desire to profit by the popularity of the genuine every conceivable thing is being done to deceive the public. Some use fanciful titles. Others adopted the name outright. All claim to be "just as good."

In this claim they are untruthful. Because the flavoring process of the genuine Toasted Corn Flakes is **secret.** It is solely the possession of the originators of Kellogg's Toasted Corn Flakes. It **cannot** be copied.

So for your protection, we ask that you remember the cartoon and the carton. The cartoon shows the fraudulent practices of the imitator. The carton is your guidance in avoiding the worthless products of these imitators.

And remember that the package of the real Toasted Corn Flakes bears the facsimile signature of *W. K. Kellogg*. Always look for this when you order, for

the **GENUINE**

RN FLAKES

Kellogg

This Signature appears only on the package of the GENUINE

ttle Creek, Mich.

THE FIRST DRESS SUIT

By Edwin L. Sabin

HAROLD stood before the glass of his bureau, in his bedroom, and scrutinized himself expectantly. He was quite imposing. What a white expanse—shirt, tie and collar, with his boyish face and his sleekly brushed hair rising above!

He critically examined his features. A slight redness of the skin on the left side of his nose made him frown, and he thoughtfully passed his hand across his downy chin. Yes, a Man with a Dress Suit ought to shave. Tilting the glass, he stepped back as far as the restrictions of his apartment would permit, to take in the ensemble. He twisted and turned, his head now over the one shoulder, now over the other.

Ah, what tails! What a sway-back effect there was, too! The coat seemed rather long, rather high in the neck, it felt rather snug under the arms, the vest gaped, the trousers were too short—almost—although let down perilously far; but it was the Real Thing: a Dress Suit! He tugged at his cuffs.

Harold experimented. Betwixt the top edge of his trousers and the bottom edge of his vest a gap threatened. He jerked his vest down hard, and it lapped a quarter of an inch—but a quarter of an inch is scant measure of security. He straightened, and there was the gap! So he enlisted a safety-pin to control the situation; and it appeared to have efficacy, albeit only a slender bond of union and inclined to create a pulling sensation. Harold delicately tucked a handkerchief into his vest; this, he knew, was a proper thing. Again he tugged at his cuffs.

He experimented further. Having experimented standing, he experimented sitting. He tenderly sank upon the one chair, then he hastily arose. He must not wrinkle those tails. To avoid such a distinct mistake three subterfuges were at his command: stretching the tails smoothly and in order under him, and sitting upon them thus; splitting them, as certain elderly gentlemen did (notably old Deacon Putnam, at church,) to their frock coats; and adroitly whisking them upward just at the instant of landing. He fancied the last method. Deftly accomplished, it appealed to him as containing an element of the debonair, in happy combination with man-of-the-world sang-froid. Having practiced several times, having felt of his safety-pin, having readjusted his handkerchief, with a final tug at his cuffs, Harold descended, that the family around the evening lamp might gaze.

Self-possessed, representative of Society, as if in search of something he walked in upon them.

"Well, well!" said father.

"How fine you look!" greeted mother.

"Turn around," bade elder brother.

Harold complacently turned.

"It fits splendidly, doesn't it?" admired mother generously.

"Good enough for a kid," remarked elder brother, with cool effrontery.

"Good enough for *anybody*, *I* should say," reproved mother, staunchly loyal. "But can't the trousers be let down a little more?"

"I should think that ordinary Sunday clothes were a great plenty for a boy," grumbled father, but not unkindly; only filing the regulation protest. "Anyway, they were plenty for me when I was his age, and went to parties. A dress suit was never heard of."

"But all the boys out at school have them," defended Harold.

"And he bought it with his own money," supported mother. "What's the handkerchief for?"

"Oh, that's the way to wear it. Everybody sticks a handkerchief into the vest," explained Harold.

"Those trousers *are* short," declared mother.

"He might take an inch off the tails and add it to the trousers," advised elder brother teasingly.

Beulah Herself Opened the Door

"I'll let them down, maybe," faltered Harold. "But they're let down a good ways now."

"They're all right, after all. Nobody will ever notice," comforted mother. "Hadn't you better be going? Beulah is waiting, I know."

"Yes, run along to your kid doings, and don't stay later than ten," supplemented elder brother.

Harold would have resented the patronage with the dignity that it deserved, but instead, only unwillingly grinned and withdrew, his tails flopping against his knees behind.

In the hall very carefully he folded a silk handkerchief and laid it in place to protect his collar and closed the lapels of his coat over to protect his shirt-bosom, and donned his overcoat—delicately, lest he somehow disarrange himself. Delicately he donned his hat before the mirror of the hall-tree. Ahem! He was ready, he—— Br-r-r-rum!

"Good-night," he gruffly called.

"Good-night. Have a good time," called mother.

"Good-night," called the others.

Proudly conscious that beneath ordinary habiliments he was attired, at last, in Evening Clothes, forth he stalked, through the darkness, valiantly to ring the bell at the Emerson house; for to the dancing party he was to escort Mistress Beulah.

Beulah herself opened the door. Very sweet looked Beulah, with her hair done in a new, quite womanly, and probably most stylish fashion—being rolled up from the sides and woven together on top—her white gown, belted at the waist by a blue ribbon, standing out finely just at her shoe-tops, or, rather, where her shoe-tops might have been had she not been wearing white slippers.

"Have you got it on?" she asked breathlessly.

Harold nodded, entering.

She closed the door. They faced each other in the hallway.

"That's what made you late. You were prinking! I've been dressed and down fifteen minutes," she accused.

"It's only eight o'clock, isn't it?" he answered bluffly.

"It's ten minutes after." She paused. The turn in the conversation had been only tentative. The important topic was still uppermost. "Let's see," she commanded.

"You'll see it after we get there."

"I want to see it now. Please, Harold? Take off your overcoat just a moment."

She pleaded well. Who could resist the violet eyes of seventeen? Harold diffidently opened his overcoat.

"No; take it clear off."

Harold blushingly obeyed, and stood exposed in all his masculine elegance.

"Turn about. Oh, how grand you look!"

Harold swelled.

"Now, come into the sitting-room and show mamma."

Harold suffered himself to be conducted on exhibition.

"Mamma, here's Harold, in his dress suit."

"Good-evening, Harold. So that's the new suit, is it? How fine you look!"

"Perfectly grand!" sighed Beulah, enchanted. "And it's silk-lined, too, isn't it, Harold?" she encouraged.

Harold modestly assented.

"Do they wear tails so long as that?" queried Mrs. Emerson critically.

"Yes, of course, mamma!" Beulah was disgusted. "Ever so much longer, if they want them; don't they, Harold?"

Harold confirmed the statement.

"You ought to see the tails some of the fellows at school have," he averred boastfully.

"If I were you I'd let the trousers down just a mite, Harold," proffered Mrs. Emerson. "Or, do you want them short?"

"Now, mamma!" opposed Beulah. "You'll make Harold feel uncomfortable. The trousers and everything are lovely!"

With an imposing little swish she reentered the hall, and emerged therefrom bearing her coat and a gauzy white scarf for the head; adopting his best manner, Harold ceremoniously assisted her to don them, Mrs. Emerson benignly watching.

"You'd better wear your rubbers, hadn't you, Beulah?" she suggested.

"Mamma! Over these slippers? The walks are as dry as can be!"

Harold started for the hall, but she halted him.

"Wait, Harold. Grandpa's come. I want him to see you. Grandpa, look at Harold in his dress suit!"

Harold stayed his step that Grandfather Emerson, titulary head of the household, might inspect and admire. Grandfather Emerson curiously scanned and then said: "Humph!"

"What's that stickin' out of your waistcut, there?" he demanded.

"That's a handkerchief, grandpa!" reproved Beulah. "It's part of the full-dress, isn't it, Harold, to have a handkerchief like that?"

"Liable to lose it," grunted Grandfather Emerson, taking up his newspaper.

'Twas annoying, but it should be laid to grandfather's age, and the imperfections consequent thereupon. Beulah, however, was certainly appreciative, and, consoled by that thought, Harold proceeded to envelop himself again, and with her made exit.

Side by side they walked up the street; very swell—yes, indeed, quite ultra and equally proud.

"Did you have it made here, Harold?" asked Beulah.

"N-no—not exactly."

"I don't suppose anybody here could make such a nice one, could they?" flattered Beulah.

"Do you like it?"

"Yes. Don't you?"

"Then don't you tell, will you?"

"No. What?"

About this

ELGIN

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"The Watch That's Made for The Majority."

It is second nature when thinking of watches to think of ELGIN.

The name ELGIN stands for various grades of watches—varying according to the number of jewels, character of materials and workmanship entering into the construction.

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BOSTON GARTER

THE RECOGNIZED STANDARD

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LIES FLAT TO THE LEG—NEVER SLIPS, TEARS NOR UNFASTENS

Sample pair Silk 50c., Cotton 25c. Mailed on receipt of price

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ALWAYS EASY

HEALTH MERRY GO ROUND

Health Merry Go Round Co., Dept. 17 Quincy, Ill.

"I didn't have it made. It was made for somebody else. I bought it."

"Did you, Harold?"

"Don't you tell, now. Nobody'll ever know. It's as good as new—about; and I only paid thirteen dollars for it."

"Isn't that much?"

"For a regular dress suit? I should say not! They cost sixty dollars. That's what some of the fellows back at school paid for theirs."

"Harold?"

"But I had only fifteen dollars saved up. I got this of a fellow who played in the opera-house orchestra. He hadn't worn it more than twenty times, he says."

"Wasn't that lucky!"

"He wanted fifteen, but I had to get some other things to go with it, you know. It looks pretty well, doesn't it?"

"Just dandy! I love dress suits."

"Will you make me a shield, Beulah?"

"What are they?"

"Why, a sort of pad to strap about my neck, and to cover my shirt, and with my initials on. All the fellows back at school have them."

"Oh, I know! A band to buckle behind, and a flap to hang down. I've seen them. Do you really want me to make you one?"

"Yes; will you? Mother said she would, but I'd rather have you. Girls made those that most of the fellows wear. Some of them are peaches."

"All right. I'll make you a pink one, and embroider white initials on it. It will be simply dear!"

With a simulation of blasé assurance Harold threw off his overcoat in the little dressing-room at the hall, relinquished hat and handkerchief, and sauntered to the mirror, where he ostentatiously adjusted his tie. There were three or four wights present—formerly his associates and peers, but now, clad even in sack coats, how decidedly his inferiors! Poor devils! Sack coats and four-in-hand ties! And he, too—he, Harold—once had worn, on such occasions, a sack coat!

Having permitted them to view his back Harold turned, and with careless ease, as to the manner born, strolled out. Nothing had been said beyond the ordinary salutations, but he felt that he had made an impression and that he was an education. At the threshold he paused long enough to make certain that his safety-pin was guarding that gap, and to tug at his cuffs. Then he stepped boldly out into the glare of publicity.

Beulah was not yet at the door of the other dressing-room, so he had to stand and wait, exposed to eyes far and near. What a curious, embarrassing, undressed sensation permeated him! He changed to the other foot, affecting the nonchalance of evening clothes; his hands sought confidence-giving pockets, but slipped along his trouser-seams in vain.

His trousers had no pockets—none! He remembered now. That made the trousers fit better, and was a point of superiority in this particular suit. Besides, no gentleman should have his hands in his pockets in the presence of ladies, and especially in a ballroom, of course! Whereupon Harold rebuked his traitorous hands, and they dangled helplessly by his side.

Beulah's appearance at the door of the girls' dressing-room relieved him by putting him in motion; and, walking with an odd consciousness that his legs were much in evidence, he approached her.

Ahem! Beulah smilingly accepted his proffered arm, and together they promenaded to seats. Arrived there, he was thankful. The undressed sensation persisted—there seemed so little to him, in front, and his tails dragged at him so, behind. But he had the satisfaction of knowing that Beulah was being fittingly escorted. Yes, sir; he and she were giving the ballroom an air. It was a positive insult to attend an evening function in a sack coat or a cutaway, like those other fellows were doing.

Having, with his latest-acquired and most distinguished manner, seated his lady, he suffered himself to sink beside her. He wondered if anybody could have guessed that he was wearing a dress suit for the first time. Had any action betrayed him? He had hunted for pockets—phew! What a terrible break! Covertly, he reassured himself of his safety-pin. He tugged at his cuffs.

Yes (he agreed), the hall was decorated beautifully. He fanned her.

Would it be noticeable, he pondered, if he should raise his hand to his tie? He was sure that the tie was askew—intuition so declared. Was it permissible that a man in evening clothes should publicly rearrange his tie? Or would that mark him, Harold, as ill-at-ease and self-conscious?

Yes (he agreed), Sybil Doring's gown was a perfect dream. Also, that Mrs. Potter, one of the patronesses, was certainly growing stouter.

He watched Mr. Potter, who always wore a dress suit, and who moved about in it with the utmost unconcern. He resolved to adopt that gentleman's ways. Mr. Potter sat with his knees crossed; Harold ventured to cross his—gingerly. Oh, *might* he not feel of that tie? It must be either aslant or creeping around under his ear! People were looking at it, were they not?

Yes (he agreed), it was warm. And was he fanning her sufficiently? Ah, not too hard! Beg pardon! Ah! Ah! Yes, quite true. Yes.

He let his disengaged hand stray across his chin; thence, casually descending, brush athwart his tie. The tie was straight, after all! He was relieved.

Horrors! He was sitting on his tails! Great Cæsar! He never had split them, nor had he flirted them adroitly, nor had he stretched them smoothly. What a situation! Branded by wrinkled tails, would not his newly-acquired reputation burst like a bubble when he was exhibited, presently, to those who knew about this sort of thing? And yet, he must not shift now, for his pose, he trusted, was correct. He had been wanting to shift for some moments, to see if he could not mitigate the discomfort of that boardlike bosom, forcing his collar to cut cruelly into his chin.

Yes (he agreed), it was time that the music started up. Also, he agreed that he hoped there would be lots of two-steps.

He wished that he might get at his handkerchief, but he was sitting on that as well. And the ornamental handkerchief tucked in his vest aperture must be held inviolate.

Yes. Ah! Ah! Yes, indeed. So?

Thank Heaven, there was the music, interrupting Beulah's light chatter, releasing his chin and his tails. He arose—with a quick, unobtrusive jerk at his vest to settle it into place. He was confident that the motion was not observed. The safety-pin was still there, he ascertained. He seized upon the occasion to extract his handkerchief with a flourish.

As they floated together around the hall—around and around—he pictured to himself that he must be appearing quite the beau—elegance and grace personified. Or were people laughing at him! Sniggering in their sleeves? Were his tails tremendously wrinkled? Were they flying out at right angles when he and Beulah whirled? It seemed to him that they were; but he did not know how to control them. Mr. Potter's tails did not fly, did they? No, not a bit. Huh!

"Isn't this heavenly music?" sighed Beulah ecstatically.

He acquiesced. He wished that he might see his tails.

The evening waxed and joys, apparently, were unconfined. Harold mingled freely, bestowing the princeliness of his presence with impartial generosity upon this damsel and that, occasionally almost forgetting how he was accoutred; almost forgetting, but not utterly. His legs—those long legs, never so long as now when they seemed to comprise the major part of him—bothered him as they bore him from side of hall to side of hall, across the polished plain, and his hands were despairingly large and red, ruthlessly deprived, as they were, of any refuge. That curious ungirt, undressed, exposed sensation clung to him. But he was becoming used to his tails; yes, sir. His sitting-down, he flattered himself, was growing mechanical. Glory be!

Huh! A dress suit was nothing, after all! Was it? He—he might have been born in it, for any difference it made to him. At least, people would think so, wouldn't they?

But upon pride followeth hard the fall.

Manfully he foraged for happy Beulah, and gallantly delivering to her the cup of coffee and the sandwich, having procured for himself a like portion, he deposited himself beside her; aye, with a reckless flirt of his tails, debonairly deposited himself beside her. Beulah shrieked in expostulation. And—there was a crash, and coffee, Beulah's coffee, and Beulah's cup, were at their feet. Upon Beulah's plate, and covering Beulah's sandwich, rested a pestiferous tail, which evidently had only been biding its opportunity to betray him. Too late was it whisked away.

"Oh, Harold!" cried Beulah.

Blushing furiously, Harold stammered, and felt the broad, derisive smiles of triumph circulate among the sack coats and cutaways, his once despised inferiors. It had occurred—after all his efforts, after all his pains, after all his career, distingué and artfully shapen as that had been; in spite of safety-pin, and pocketless trousers, and bosom expanse, and careless ease of posture, it had occurred. In the smash of a coffee-cup were smashed his fond, foolish hopes.

"Never mind, Harold," insisted Beulah consolingly, as, after the lugubrious festivities termed a dance had ended, they pursued their homeward way. "It was just an accident. Why, it might have happened to *any*body, and it hasn't hurt my dress a bit."

"But you needn't make me that shield," declared Harold, miserable still. "I don't want any now. What's the use?"

"Indeed I *shall* make it," asserted Beulah. "A pink one, with white initials."

Which was exceeding sweet and magnanimous of her, he thought, wasn't it?—after the way he had disgraced them both!

Common Sense in Common Schools

(Concluded from Page 11)

serious and responsible struggle of practical affairs.

Certainly the facts have taught us that the restless, driving, executive kind of boy is of as sound and valuable timber as the docile, studious and receptive boy; that he is as likely to cut just as wide a swath in the world's affairs as the lad who "stands higher" in class rank, and that he is as well worth educating as the "natural scholar." And we are coming, too, to recognize that he is as much entitled to a training which fits his special temperament and endowments as is the scholarly boy.

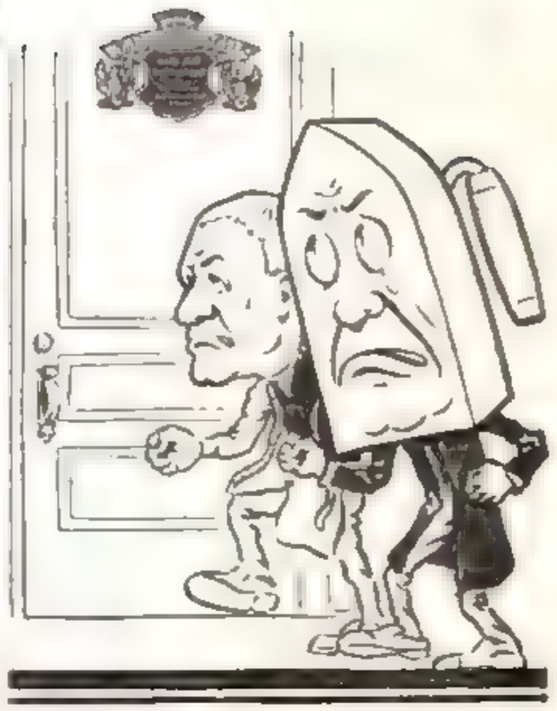
In spite of the pessimists recent years have seen a remarkable expansion of our democratic institutions; our industrial and commercial institutions have not only expanded and multiplied marvelously, but they have grown more varied and complex. This means that the call for new workers of the practical and executive type has increased and is increasing in a ratio that we can scarcely comprehend. Boys of practical and "motor" tendencies hear the call for action early and with increasing urgency.

What is the result? If they are not held in school by a line of instruction which appeals to their instincts they will quit the schoolroom long before they should and miss those studies which would naturally give them their best and richest equipment for the activities of industry, commerce and politics—studies which come in the high-school course when the high school is even approximately the People's College, instead of a feeder to the university, where the fetish of graduation is the central shrine to which all eyes are directed.

If I were to indulge in a word of prophecy I would say that the high school of the future will be closer to the people than to the college; that its curriculum will do more for the children of the plain people; that it will make a broader and stronger appeal to, and a better provision for, the boy who has small interest in college, but feels he must "quit and go to work"; that its course will smack less of those studies which tradition holds to be divinely appointed agencies for "mental discipline"; that it will have less of the cast-iron program and will less and less attempt to mould all pupils to the same pattern; that it will give culture to those who seek culture and help all to strike straight for the goal dictated by their own natural impulses, whether that be a business or a profession.

More than that, it will increasingly put up to the pupil himself the selection of his course and the responsibility of its faithful pursuit. And there is nothing better for the development of character than driving at a fixed purpose with a clear sense of responsibility.

Our public schools will not be common in the truest sense of the word until these conditions are measurably realized, and until the ability of the pupil to build a gas-engine, construct a dynamo or make a difficult chemical analysis is as highly recognized as the ability to translate Virgil or Homer or demonstrate a tough proposition in geometry.



The Sign of Sure Clothes

By A. Frank Taylor

"Who makes your clothes, Bill?"

"Don't know?"

"Then you must take chances of being improperly fitted and having a suit lose its shape every time you buy one.

"And eight times in ten you'll get the wrong suit when you deal in ordinary brands or when you buy from this tailor and that—

"For fully eighty per cent. of ordinary suits are improperly tailored, badly made up and then merely *pressed* into a temporary shape by that old doctor Goose, the Hot Flat Iron—to become shapeless and ill-fitting a short time after being worn.

"That's the actual percentage of 'bad suits'—based upon actual tailoring observation.

"Now that money of yours doesn't come so easily that you can afford to throw it away recklessly, does it?

"You should therefore see that you get the very best value for your money every time you buy a suit.

"And it isn't necessary to take anybody's 'Say So' about the best suit either.

"You can tell for *yourself* whether or not a suit is made right—or whether or not it will hold its shape—*before* and *not after* you buy—

"Just lay the collar flat on a table or counter—if it is absolutely straight from tip to tip—it's a 'Good Suit.'

"That's easy, isn't it?

"Now here's another way to tell, too—this is Corroborative Evidence.

"See that the label 'Sincerity Clothes' is in the coat of the next suit you buy—

"Then you can rest assured your suit is right.

"For 'Sincerity Clothes' are tailored right—the shape is *not* merely pressed in temporarily by Old Dr. Goose—the Hot Flat Iron—it is *sewn* into the Fabric permanently by expert needle workmanship.

"That's why 'Sincerity Clothes' look Good and Hold their shape from 'try on' to 'wear out,'—and it's a good long time in between.

"If you make sure that the label of 'Sincerity Clothes' is in the next suit you buy—you can be satisfied that you're getting the best Clothes Value for your money you possibly can—"

Write for full description of "The Sure Way to Test Clothes,"—it's free. Address Kuh, Nathan & Fischer Co., 276 Franklin St., Chicago.

Here's the label on "Sincerity Clothes"—it insures Style, Service and Satisfaction.

The Artistic Temperament

Its Little Weaknesses and Winning Ways

By WILLIAM ARMSTRONG

TO SAY that musicians hold the palm for fanciful vagaries is a mistake, though outsiders may have long accepted anything extravagant said of prima donnas as verity. Other professions—painting, literature, the drama—hold quite as glaring examples of what might be termed the "pedestal habit."

Sidelights cast in the interview prove oftener more illuminating on this subject than the things that afterward get into print.

The Parisian celebrity, I have found, without exception, charming to interview, and with the simplicity that accompanies genuine greatness. Berlin and Vienna are to the interviewer much the same, earnest thoughtfulness in the Northern capital, and a dash of gayety in the Southern, marking only national characteristics.

In England, with its many genial celebrities, there are others that crave isolation; we have quite a nice little class of their imitators now in America.

Mr. Bram Stoker, in the rôle of protector to Sir Henry Irving, assumed this mental attitude of complete isolation, and then, with a suspicious promptness, got out a biography of his employer almost simultaneously with his death, and containing exactly the points that the interviewer would have welcomed. But post-mortem interviews have little personal value to the subject departed.

There is small doubt that this isolation had a good deal to do with the waning popularity of Irving in his later years, for he had been completely removed from the human interest that a closer knowledge of personality through the press invariably sustains.

Certain American actors, of their own will or that of their managers, have aped this same isolation, but their press-agents in consequence very often work overtime to patch up the rents that the "air of mystery" is so apt to blow in box-office receipts.

Mrs. Patrick Campbell

When "Mrs. Pat" is Bored

Attitudinizing is rare, all things considered, among the interviewed, but sometimes one finds it. Mrs. Patrick Campbell gave me an instance. It was behind the scenes that I met her. "It is a great bore to me to be interviewed," she said as welcome, adding, "But I suppose it bores you, too."

"We both have to make our living, Mrs. Campbell," I answered. Then we went on with our task as cheerfully as we might.

To follow, as interviewer, a career from its beginning to the final enthronement, is sometimes regretfully to find disappointment of first impressions. Madame Melba, when she was anxiously feeling her way to popularity, could not have been surpassed in affability. Thirteen years ago, on the day that she made her Chicago début in Lucia—and a prima donna is supposed to spare her speaking voice completely on such occasions—she gave me an interview that for surprising frankness could not well have been exceeded. To-day she flees in horror from the interviewer, but carefully preserves a bound volume of newspaper clippings to remind her of her progressions.

Caruso, the tenor, remains, as he was at the outset, a big, frank boy. He tried once to tell me the story of his life in English. "When I begin, I sing on a church," was the way it opened—in a church was the meaning that no great effort was needed to supply. And who would smile when he announced, "I sing too much opera," and he meant a great many, when his manner was as boyishly confiding as was his pride in his English?

Madame Calvé is delightful, contradictory or gay; it depends on her mood what she tells you, and also, sometimes, where what she tells you has happened. Once she related an exciting incident of her life as taking place in the Basque Provinces, later she detailed it with the scene laid in Egypt. But that, perhaps, only proves that mankind may be the same the world over.

Miss Ellen Terry is a joy to the heart of every man who has met her. When you leave her presence a sort of color-blindness has set in, and everything takes on a violet tinge, like her eyes. Only in interviewing her you must be careful, very careful, that she doesn't interview you instead, and that you have nothing to take away with you but what you have yourself foolishly told her.

Madame Nordica knows how to get at the heart of her subject, clearly, broadly and with keen intelligence, speaking in long, well-rounded sentences, and in excitement with an oratorical effect, betraying her preacher ancestry. But sometimes things happen to turn the train of her thoughts in the midst of it, as the fire-engines dashing by did one day. Looking out of the window she said, "Do you know that the firemen are the bravest men in New York? Come, let's go look at them!" And, hastily catching up her hat, she started for the hall-door, where we were met by the *chef d'orchestre* from the Metropolitan, who had come for a rehearsal that she had forgotten.

But there are others who greet you, as soon as they are comfortably settled, with the question, "Now, what do you want me to tell you?"—making one feel as a dentist must when his patient, after climbing into the chair, calmly opens his mouth, and leaves the practitioner to settle what shall remain and what shall be taken out.

Both Sargent and Abbey, the American painters, share the English antipathy to interviews, though the latter, when he sets foot in New York, will talk for publication at slight inducement. It was in London that I discovered their reticence. A singer friend of Sargent arranged for our meeting. The artist wrote a polite note inviting me to tea with him any day at five, but adding as clause of reservation that he did not want to be written about. In my reply of thanks, I added that, as my object in wanting to see him was to write about him, I must refuse his kind invitation, and had returned the card of introduction that our friend had given me.

Abbey was less genial. Thinking it likely that a long London residence might have inoculated his mind with traditions that had existed for a thousand years before he got there, I sent with my letter to him, as proof of identity, two programs of lectures I had given there, one of them before the Royal Academy of Music. A reply came back that Mr. Abbey could receive no one, unless introduced by some one whom he knew. So I have not yet met the successful American artist, who began his career as a newspaper illustrator in New York.

A third excursion into the realms of pictorial art in England was more successful and quite as amusing, for the sting of doubt of the "writer" was in it. This time it was with Professor Hubert von Herkomer, to whom I went without a viséd character. It was on the at-home day of the Royal Academician at picturesque Bushey, a little way out of London, where he has built a splendid house, Lululaund, and founded his art school. The place was full of guests, so he turned me over to George Harcourt, later head of the Fraser Art School, in Scotland, and a great painter, to show me the house and its treasures.

After the others had left I remained by invitation to talk with Von Herkomer alone. He ended by playing the zither, and he played it like a master. Suddenly he stopped; evidently he had been observing me. "You must be a good man," he said, in a relieved sort of way, "or you wouldn't have had that expression on your face while I was playing."

"Thank you," I answered, "but you don't really know. Perhaps I am a burglar come to spy on your place."

"But it wouldn't be any sort of use, you know," he cut in promptly, some inward doubts of the "press man" evidently returning, "for I have a man patrolling the grounds all night long."

But one of my very first experiences in England was the most unique of all, though I scarcely appreciated it then, or the implied value of the concession made me, used as I had been in America to meeting celebrities without any restraint. The occasion was my first visit to the poet Swinburne. Getting his address, and dismissing the delay of securing a letter of introduction, I set out to find him. It was late afternoon when I reached the place, a tall, rather modern-looking house, set back in the inevitable little garden, at the foot of Putney Hill, leading to Wimbledon Common.

Mr. Swinburne "Not at Home"

The maid, taking my card and a message as to my mission, came back very promptly to say that Mr. Swinburne could not see me. Aroused doubtless by the sound of voices, a man of short figure, dark, sparkling eyes, and iron-gray hair and mustaches, came out of a near-by doorway.

"I had wanted to see Mr. Swinburne, that I might write about him, and he will not receive me. I come from New York," I explained to him briefly. Perhaps there was a tone of injured feeling in my voice.

"Never mind what Swinburne says," he answered decidedly. "Come in."

He opened another door and I followed. It proved to be the dining-room—a long, high-ceiled apartment, with French windows leading on to a garden, where fruit trees were in bloom, and a tall statue stood guard at the end of a walk bordered by flower-beds.

"I am Mr. Watts-Dunton," he said, motioning me to be seated. Then I knew that the man before me was the celebrated literary critic—the close friend of Tennyson, Dante Gabriel Rossetti and of Swinburne—whose house this last poet had for twenty-five years called his home.

He spoke not at all as a stranger to America, and with warm appreciation of the fine reception there of his novel Aylwin.

"The Americans are a brave people; I sometimes think they are the bravest people in the world," he added presently.

Had I then known English conventions a bit better, I might have taken to myself some of the national credit of this remark, for coming without an introduction.

But it turned out to be a happy visit. Mr. Watts-Dunton asked many questions about America, and in return told me so much of close interest of Tennyson, Rossetti and the many men with whom he had been intimately associated, that Swinburne was almost forgotten.

"But come again, and we will talk it over," he said as I left; "and I shall see about Swinburne."

Mme. Lillian Nordica

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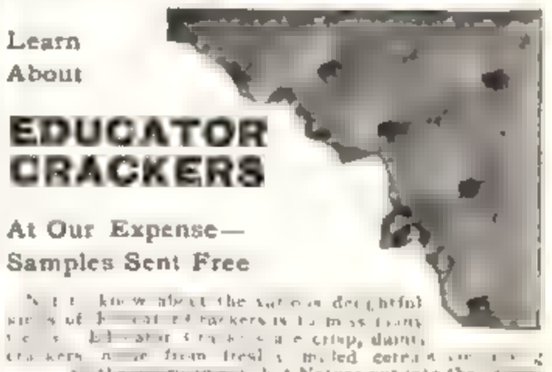

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IN THE OPEN

Peary and the Pole—Lacrosse—A Good Game

ALTHOUGH there are already three separate parties in the field, it looks as if we are to have still another season of North Pole hunting: Peary is trying to raise the $100,000 necessary to outfit the Roosevelt and start him on his way; Wellman is preparing to place himself at the fitful mercies of the elements and a gas-bag, which enthusiastic members of the Aero clubs call a dirigible balloon; and there is talk of a Norwegian as well as of a Danish expedition. Meanwhile Peary has to his credit the record of farthest north—and no word has yet come of André, who set sail for the Pole in another dirigible balloon several years ago, and never has been heard of since.

The impression appears to be popular that Pole-seeking is the mission of a brave heart rather than of efficient training, and, if such be the thought, it will lead to grievous fault in appraisement when the qualities of explorers like Abruzzi (Cagni), Nansen and Peary are estimated. The brave heart is certainly an essential—but competent Polar exploration requires more of an equipment than fearlessness and determination. We may regard with a kind of admiration the reckless spirit that starts out to find the Pole with little other equipment than a gas-bag and a courage rash to the point of unintelligence; but we can neither applaud the adventure nor take seriously the pretensions of such an undertaking to be regarded as a scientific expedition, equipped for deliberate and competent work.

Ballooning for the Pole, dependent practically on shifts of the wind for progress and direction, is only a little less entitled to respect or sober thought than the projects, as exploited at different periods, of propelling a boat-shaped automobile across the circumpolar ice, or of driving ponies over the same ice-cragged and barren area. Such schemes, while no doubt productive as sensational advertising, are unlikely to win results of interest to the scientific world; they belong properly to the freak class, and should be bracketed with the over-the-Niagara-Falls-in-a-barrel man and other whimsical agitators. And yet these queer Polar excursions have had the unfortunate effect of causing the American people to withhold from the invaluable work of serious expeditions, such as Peary's, the earnest thought and financial support of which they all have been in sore need and of which they are so worthy.

Had it not been for Mr. Morris K. Jesup, of New York, Peary would have been unable to make the last venture which resulted so splendidly in his planting the Stars and Stripes farthest north at 87° 6′—thus replacing the record which was made in 1900 by Cagni, of the Abruzzi party, who had eclipsed the mark formerly attained in 1895 by Nansen. Mr. Jesup substantially outfitted the last Peary expedition from his own pocket, and has given generously to the fund now making for the American explorer's next attempt, but about $40,000 remains to be raised, and, from the present outlook, that should all be in perhaps before this issue of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST is published. That there should be such difficulty in securing aid by general contribution does not seem to be to the credit of this country, which, unlike the countries of Europe, offers no national patronage to such scientific research.

The Factor of Food

Peary will start from New York in the Roosevelt, which was uninjured structurally by the rough experience of her maiden trip, about the first of July, and, with the Eskimos he takes on, will push as far north as he can along the west coast of Grant Land. Here, about the end of September, the Roosevelt, built expressly to withstand the terrific strain of the ice jam, will be frozen in, and Peary and his party enter upon the long Arctic night, the monotony of which will be somewhat relieved by preparing the provisions and the dog harness and the sledges for the "dash" over the about 450 miles that will probably separate the place Peary winters from the North Pole. For the crew of about twenty (Americans and Newfoundlanders), and as many more Eskimos, the provisions very largely will consist of pemmican (mixed chopped meat and grease), ship's biscuit and tea, which is easier to carry and more stimulating in extreme cold than coffee; the 150 dogs for the twenty sledges will at times fare more luxuriously on musk-ox meat when the hunters make a big killing. In February, when the twilight makes traveling possible, Peary will choose a select and small party from his company and, with the sledges carrying every ounce of food they can hold, make his dash for the Pole. On his last attempt to reach the Pole, Peary headed due north on his final dash, but this time he will travel in a northwesterly direction in order to counteract the easterly drift of the ice which he encountered in 1906. Returning, he will head for the north coast of Greenland, on which he sought escape from the breaking ice when compelled to turn back last year.

As ten miles a day is very often the limit over the very rough and broken ice, it becomes apparent that, other conditions being all counted favorable, reaching the Pole becomes largely a matter of provision-carrying capacity; and that is not so simple a problem as it no doubt appears to those who have no Arctic travel experience to advise them. It would seem to be merely a question of adding to the number of sledges; but the uninitiated do not know that every sledge added means from six to eight more dogs and another man, if not two, to feed.

There is a workable economical unit in all wilderness adventure beyond which the explorer may not go, either in the Arctics or in the Tropics—and Peary may be depended on to reach the very limit. His last attempt was handicapped by most unusual weather conditions, which, by open water, so repeatedly interrupted his sledge journey that his provisions gave out when he had made not more than half the distance between his ship and the coveted goal—his farthest north being 200 miles from the Pole. And similar conditions, should they occur, would defeat him again, for beyond a certain practicable ratio between men and dogs on one hand, and provisions and sledges on the other, it is impossible to increase the provision-carrying capacity where there are no other resources *en route* from start to finish of the trip.

The Man for the Job

Whatever may be his luck in this respect of seasonable weather, there can be no question of Peary being the man most qualified for the task of all those that have sought to achieve this particular honor. If ever the North Pole is to submit to discovery, it seems as if Peary ought to be the man on the job. For twelve years now he has been devoting his entire time to North Polar exploration. During that time he has made six—or is it seven?—separate expeditions in the search of the Pole; and when not actually hunting the Pole, he has been hunting the money needful to further searching. No man ever has had anything like his experience north of the Arctic Circle, and few of the long list of adventurers into North Polar regions have been so well equipped scientifically; so, if all goes well with him, and he is favored by a little good luck, Peary hopes to return to New York, with Old Glory nailed to the North Pole, about fifteen months after he sails this coming July.

As for the automobile and balloon excursions, Peary has said repeatedly there is only one way of reaching the Pole, namely, by footing it from the nearest land base; and we are willing to accept his word as authoritative.

Since Captain Roald Amundsen, in the course of his notable Northwest Passage, located the magnetic North Pole, discovery of the geographical Pole will, in point of fact, add little to scientific data—but we hope Peary will discover it just the same, and put the American flag where loyal representatives of the principal nations of the world have been trying to place theirs time out of mind.

If there is any one thing more than another needed to place sport in its proper place at American schools and colleges, it is a greater diversity of athletic interest, namely, more games. More games would bring more boys out on to the playground, and, what is even more important to a wholesome adjustment of the athletic question, more games would lessen the frenzied devotion which at present the undergraduate body concentrates upon baseball in the spring and upon football in the autumn. It would go a very long way toward putting more of the spirit of fun, more of the real play spirit, into their games—and drive off the field that painful seriousness with which the college lad views the athletic efforts of his baseball nine or football eleven. Therefore the obvious and very gratifying increased activity in lacrosse is one of the best signs of the present spring season.

More Brilliant than Baseball

It is rather remarkable that this spirited game, really about the only one we can claim as native to the soil, should not be more popular. Baseball is not so brilliant, nor does football give opportunity for more strategic play, while, from the spectators' point of view, the Indian game quite outclasses all others, for there is always something doing, and in the open where all may see it. For the player it should be more attractive than baseball or football, because it gives more frequent opportunity for individual effort.

I have sometimes thought the neglect of lacrosse due to the fact that first-class play is possible only to the highest type of athlete—for here is a game in which those who excel must be fleet of foot, sound of wind, quick of eye and certain of action. No game is its equal as an all-round developer, and none gives so much mental and physical stimulus; it is, in fact, a game all to the good.

In Canada, where the game recently has been shamelessly professionalized outside of the colleges, lacrosse always has been played extensively and well—but with us activity heretofore has been confined to one or two localities and one college organization of real life.

This season, however, there appears to be an awakening to the feeling that a good thing too long has been neglected, and reports of teams forming are heard from new and widely separated sections. Chicago sends word of three teams, St. Paul is to have two, Rochester is to try again, Baltimore has a new organization, and both New York and Philadelphia are to try for the laurels which the famous Crescent Club, of Brooklyn, so long has held among American clubs.

The most active among college organizations is that in which Johns Hopkins and Lehigh are largely responsible for having kept the game alive for undergraduates, and now, with interest renewing and widening, it should be given an impetus that will put it beyond all chance of future misfortune. Curiously, neither Yale nor Princeton has a team, although the latter formerly played the game regularly.

There has been among club teams too much professionalism through inducing Canadian players to come over the line and take an easy job, and there is too much unnecessary rough play among all teams, club and college. Cut it out—do not sully such a good game; and it does not help to win.

Where the Forests Go

No doubt people very often think that those of us who labor to open their eyes to the necessity of prompt, practicable and comprehensive legislation to save the forest lands of the country sometimes overdraw the picture.

The other day I came upon some statistics regarding the State of Pennsylvania's disappearing timber which are very much apropos.

In one Pennsylvania tract there has been cut in two years fifty million feet of timber, covering three thousand acres; the six thousand remaining acres of the tract are estimated to hold two hundred million feet, which is being fed into a mill that has a daily capacity of two hundred thousand feet!

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YOUR SAVINGS

MUNICIPAL BONDS AS INVESTMENTS

IN A PREVIOUS article in this department it was explained why Government bonds, on account of their high price and consequent low interest yield, had ceased to be attractive to the average investor with savings. The natural question, therefore, is: "What kind of security takes the place of the Government bond with regard to stability?"

The answer is: "Municipal bonds."

Of course, no kind of bond can have the same guarantee as a Government bond, because that bond has behind it the obligation and security of the United States Government; but, for security, the municipal bond is the nearest approach to it.

A municipal bond has behind it the good name and promise of the city, town or community that issues it, and when that city, town or community has a high reputation and a good credit, the bond takes on the same qualities. In addition, many legal and constitutional safeguards are thrown about municipal bonds. The very fact that many of them are legal investments for savings-banks in New York and Massachusetts, where the savings-banks laws are the most stringent, is one good reason why they should recommend themselves to the average investor who wants conservative investment.

Being of the very highest class of bonds, and consequently really gilt-edge, municipal bonds do not pay so high a rate of interest as do bonds of railroads and corporations. In buying them the investor sacrifices income to stability.

Yet no kind of bond has a wider or larger significance for the whole mass of the people. The pavements on which you walk daily, the schools in which you or your children study, the water that is pumped and piped into your home, the bridges over which you pass, the sewers that cleanse your city, and the parks where you go for recreation—all have been made possible by the issuance of municipal bonds. Thus they play an important part in the development of the country, and when you own one of these bonds you may well feel that you are contributing to the general uplift—and at the same time realizing an income. These are facts in connection with municipal bonds that every citizen should know.

Origin of Municipal Bonds

Municipal bonds are made possible because communities need money for their improvements, and, like individuals or corporations, they must borrow money for this work. It may be for sewers, schools, streets or water-works. Perhaps, as in the case of New York, it might be for a subway. Frequently school districts need money to build schools, and they issue bonds, which come under the head of municipal bonds, and the security is the same.

When a railroad or a corporation issues bonds it usually gives a mortgage on its property, which is the security that the bondholder receives. With a municipality it is different. It offers no mortgage, but the security it gives consists of:

First, its reputation for credit (and cities take care to maintain this).

Second, the taxes on the assessed property within its confines. Because of this last form of security it is always highly desirable to buy the bonds of a city or community which has a large tax-list and whose bonded debt is much smaller, the revenue from taxes being used to pay off interest and principal of bonds. There is still another difference between railroad and municipal bonds. Railroad bonds are usually "underwritten"—that is, taken by one or more private bankers or bond houses, who in turn sell them to the investors or others. Municipal bonds are sold, often after sealed bids have been received, to the highest bidder. Individuals have the opportunity to take part in this sale, and can buy bonds direct from the city.

A third and very important difference between railroad and municipal bonds (and one of supreme interest to the investor, for it affects his income) is that municipal bonds are exempt, for the most part, from taxation—that is, they are exempt if you live in the State in which the city issuing the bonds is located. The exemption ends at the State line. If a man in Columbus, Ohio, for example, should buy a bond issued by that city, it would be tax-exempt as long as he lived in the State of Ohio. But if he should move to New York it would become part of his personal property and therefore would be liable for taxation. Many corporation bonds are exempt from taxation in the States under whose laws they have been incorporated. For example, the Southern Pacific bonds are tax-exempt in California.

A corporation is sometimes liable to suffer from mismanagement, competition or franchise complications. A municipal bond is not likely to be heir to these ills. If a city issuing bonds is visited by some terrible calamity the most serious impairment of the investment, usually, is a temporary reduction of interest.

In the case of Galveston, which was almost wiped out by a flood, there was a reduction of two and one-half per cent. in interest for five years. After that the bonds resumed the usual payment and their ultimate value was not injured, providing, of course, that they ran for a long time. In the case of San Francisco, after the earthquake, there was no reduction in bond interest.

Safeguards Around City Bonds

Perhaps no class of securities available for the investor is so carefully safeguarded as municipal bonds. In many communities there are numerous legal preliminaries. Often a city bond issue for a specific purpose, like sewers or parks, must be submitted to the voters for their approval. Sometimes the bond issues are authorized by Aldermen, or Boards of Estimate and Apportionment, which are composed of heads of the various city departments, whose powers are restricted and defined by law. But these are not all the safeguards.

In most cities, for example New York, there is never an issue of bonds without making provision at the same time to pay the principal and interest of those bonds. This is called "debt redemption." It is usually in the form of a tax levy. In this way "sinking funds" are created.

The sinking fund is something that every investor should know about. It is the money which a city or corporation sets aside every year for the purpose of retiring (which means paying for) its bonds when they come due. Often bonds are retired before they mature. These bonds have what is called the "optional redemption" clause, which permits the city or corporation to take them up after due notice. Sometimes municipal bonds are retired serially—that is, a certain number every year. The creation of a sinking fund is always a precaution to protect the bond. Nearly all cities have "sinking fund commissions," whose duty it is to see that the fund is safeguarded and that the bonds are retired at the proper time.

Frequently, as in the case of New York, the bonded debt of the city is limited by the constitution to an amount which cannot be more than ten per cent. of the valuation of taxable property. This is a very important safeguard. Recognizing the importance of it, the State of Massachusetts has put a provision into its savings-banks laws to the effect that the legal investments in municipal bonds shall only be those of cities or towns whose bonded debt is not more than five per cent. of the net total assessed valuation.

Municipal bonds are cheaper to-day than in years, and the opportunity to buy them is a rare one. Like all kinds of bonds, they have declined in price because money for investment has sought other, and more profitable, channels. Short-term notes have absorbed much money that would have gone into bonds. Hence, the demand for bonds being less than usual, the price, like a commodity, is lower.

There is no better example of this than in the case of the city of New York bonds, which form a considerable part of the marketable municipal bonds, especially in the East. A few years ago these three and a half per cent. bonds, to run forty years, were sold at a price to yield the investor a little less than three per cent. To-day city of New York bonds may be bought at a price to yield about four per cent. This does not mean that the credit of the city has been impaired, but that the condition of the money market makes it necessary for her to pay more for the money she borrows. One of the most striking features of the municipal bond situation for a year is the increase in the interest rate of municipal bonds everywhere. Formerly many were three per cent. bonds, and even less. Now they are four per cent.

New York City bonds have wide sale because they are very marketable. Besides, municipal resources there are very great, and there are unusual safeguards placed about the bonded debt.

Another feature of city of New York bonds, created to give them a wide popular appeal, is the fact that they may be had in denomination of ten dollars, or any multiple of that sum. These are perhaps the only high-class bonds available in this amount. Usually the denomination of municipal bonds is one thousand dollars.

What municipal bonds are most desirable for the average investor? Naturally the first in any list would be those of the cities which have large assessed valuations, and where there are many safeguards thrown about municipal bonds. This list would include, for example, New York, Boston, Philadelphia and St. Louis. If you look at the schedules of investments made by savings-banks in New York State you will find that the municipal bonds most mentioned are those of New York, Boston, Buffalo, Hartford, Worcester, Pittsburg, Philadelphia; Springfield, Massachusetts; Providence, Cleveland, St. Louis and St. Paul.

The majority of municipal bonds issued are those of the New England and Eastern States.

Things to be Considered

Yet the bonds of smaller communities often pay more than four per cent., and are practically as safe. Take the bond of a city like Nashville, Tennessee, which is a thriving Southern city, which can be bought at a price to yield about four and twenty one-hundredths per cent.

Municipal bonds are not "listed" on stock exchanges—that is, they do not usually form part of the securities sold there. Therefore, you will not find them mentioned in the records of stock-exchange transactions.

In buying municipal bonds there are many things to be considered.

In the first place, the highest class bonds are those that are direct obligations of the cities or communities issuing them. This means that the cities are directly responsible for the payment. Sometimes municipal bonds are issued that are not direct obligations. These comprise bonds issued for paving purposes and are paid for by property-owners whose property is benefited by the improvements. These sometimes pay as high as five and five and a half per cent. But if you want real security, you want the bonds that are the direct obligations.

On account of the numerous legal preliminaries that attend the bringing out of municipal bonds, it is necessary that their legality must be unquestioned. The investor, therefore, should buy them from a house that has made an investigation, or who can refer to some legal experts. Frequently the names of well-known lawyers who have investigated the bonds are sufficient guarantee.

The investor should remember, too, the very important fact that the more marketable his bond, the more desirable it is. If he should be called on suddenly to realize on the bond, it should be one that is readily sold.

It is unadvisable to buy the bonds of what are called "one-industry" towns—that is, towns that depend for their prosperity on one or two great plants. Sometimes these plants are moved to other cities, and the original towns where they were located suffer greatly as a result, and their securities are depreciated.

The cities whose bonds are most attractive are those that are thriving, and whose prosperity and organization are permanent.

5% You Don't Tie Your Money Up Indefinitely When You Deposit It With This Company.

It is withdrawable on demand at any time and is absolutely secure all the time. This Company has been in business over 15 years and has depositors in all parts of the world.

The interest is 5 per cent.
Write to-day for the booklet.

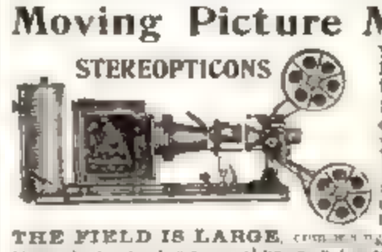
Calvert Mortgage & Deposit Co.
1047 Calvert Building, Baltimore, Md.

Westinghouse

Securities are safe investments and pay from 5% to 7% at present prices. Write for information.

SECURITY INVESTMENT CO.
Pittsburg, Pa.
Capital and Surplus - $8,598,000
Bond Department

Moving Picture Machines



You Can Make BIG MONEY Entertaining the Public

Nothing affords better opportunities for men with small capital. We start you, furnish complete outfits, explain everything, and help you get started on a paying basis. Our Entertainment Supply Catalogue fully explains our easy plan. Sent Free.

THE FIELD IS LARGE, comprising regular theatres and other permanent locations, fairs, parks, lodges, churches, etc. Our Entertainment Supply Catalogue fully explains our easy plan. Sent Free.

Chicago Projecting Co., 225 Dearborn St., Dept. L, Chicago

4% INTEREST 4% IS PAID ON SAVINGS ACCOUNTS of any amount from $1.00 to $10,000 By the CITIZENS SAVINGS & TRUST CO. of Cleveland
The oldest and largest Trust Company in Ohio with the resources of the
$42,000,000 SEND FOR BOOKLET "H"

Wanted
Ideas or Inventions

A concern with ample capital and excellent organization desires to secure control of a new article which can be advertised, or an invention which can be sold by mail. Will buy outright or share profits. Address Manufacturer, care of J. L. Stack Advertising Contractor, 1400 Heyworth Building, Chicago

FIRST MORTGAGE UNDERLYING BONDS
of issues purchased by Savings Banks and other Institutions to net
4¼% to 5½%
Full information on request.
BERTRON, STORRS & GRISCOM, Bankers
NEW YORK, 40 Wall St. PHILA., 325 Land Title Bldg

SANTA CRUZ CALIFORNIA

Climate the best. Near famous big trees. Roses bloom year round. Finest bathing on coast. Ideal homes. Investments for Capitalists, Fruit Growers and Farmers. "Natural Sanitarium" for health seekers. Situated eighty miles south of San Francisco, on Bay of Monterey. Send 2c. stamp to
BOARD OF TRADE FOR BOOKLET C

Government Positions

41,877 Appointments were made to Civil Service places during the past year. Excellent opportunities for young people. Each year we instruct by mail thousands of persons who pass these Civil Service examinations, a large share of them to give appointments to [illegible] at salaries of $1,000 a year. If you desire a position of this kind write for our Civil Service Announcement, containing full particulars about all government examinations, and the questions recently used by the Civil Service Commission.
Columbian Correspondence College, Washington, D. C.

Bonds for Investment—5%
and over. Municipals and Corporation. Safest for small investors. Full information on request.
Geo. M. Seward & Co., Bankers, 108 La Salle St. CHICAGO

Moths Kept Away from clothes, woolens, furs by Red Cedar Sawdust bags. Always fresh, last forever. Sweet, pleasant odor. Absolutely prevent moths. One, 15c.; six, 75c.; twelve, $1.50. Prepaid.
JAMES RICHMOND, 215 Canal St., N. Y.

Uncle Sam's Tree Gardens

Live Lumber Babies Nursed into Saplinghood

BY RENÉ BACHE

THE biggest job of gardening undertaken by the Government is the planting and growing of little trees, five and a half millions of which are now being produced every year for setting out in the various forest reserves.

A great many of these baby trees are required to fill in the bare places in forested areas, but a large proportion of them are utilized for so-called forest reserves which in reality are such only in a sense of expectation for the future, being as yet mere tracts of naked ground. The areas thus described are known as "tree-planting reserves," and every effort is being made to transform them into veritable forests as quickly as possible, in order that they may furnish plentiful supplies of timber in regions where, at the present time, wood is exceedingly scarce. Three of them are in Nebraska, a fourth is in Kansas, and a fifth is in eastern New Mexico. With the idea of securing for future generations in this country an adequate supply of that most indispensable of all substances, wood, and also to conserve the interests of agriculture by protecting the sources of the streams, the present Administration is continually extending the areas of our forest reserves, which already cover a total of 122,000,000 acres California alone having 19,882,000 acres, Idaho 18,300 000 acres, and Montana 17,300,000 acres.

The business of growing seedling trees for planting the forest reserves is conducted at six stations, which are maintained by the Forest Service, in different parts of the United States. One of them, which is the largest of all, is near Halsey, Nebraska; another is near Clyde, Colorado; another is near Fort Bayard, New Mexico; another is near Salt Lake, Utah; another is near Santa Barbara, California, and the sixth is not far from Pasadena, in the same State.

These stations are vast gardens, in which nothing is grown but little trees; and the land employed for the purpose is marked off into carefully-cultivated beds, rectangular in shape and of such size as to make it easy to weed and otherwise attend to them by the help of the narrow paths which divide the whole area into a sort of checker-board. It is a very interesting sort of gardening, indeed, and is conducted with the utmost carefulness, even the water at the more northern stations being warmed until almost tepid before it is sprinkled upon the tender seedlings.

As might be supposed, an important part of the work consists in the gathering of the requisite seeds, which is by no means a simple or easy matter. For the most part they are seeds of pines, spruces and other cone-bearing species, which, generally speaking, thrive better than broad-leaved trees in the rocky or otherwise inhospitable soil which is the best available over large areas of the forest reserves; and it is necessary to collect the cones and extract their stores, often with no small labor.

Robbing the Squirrels for Seeds

The finest of all such seeds, oddly enough, are obtained from stores of cones accumulated by squirrels. If a man, even though he be an enthusiastic forester, be engaged in this kind of collecting, he naturally gathers the seeds that come handiest, on the most easily accessible branches of small trees. But the squirrel ascends to the tops of the tallest pines, and from the ends of the boughs which could hardly be reached by any human means cuts off the largest cones, afterward carrying them to the place which it has selected for storage purposes.

The seeds from the tallest trees —veritable monarchs of the forest —are necessarily the very ones that are deemed most desirable for planting. They represent selected stock. Accordingly, the seed-hunters eagerly seek the stores of the squirrels, robbing those industrious little animals without compunction, and carrying away the cones in sacks or wagons—to be opened afterward by means presently to be described. Occasionally the cones are as much as a foot and a half in length, and a fair-sized one will contain as many as one hundred seeds.

Now, some of these cones, such as those of the yellow pine, the firs and the spruces, can be opened by simply exposing them to the rays of the sun for a week or ten days. They are spread upon sheets of canvas, or placed on flat rocks, and after a short time the heat of the sun, causing the moisture in them to expand, unfolds the scales, on each of which repose two seeds, their "wings" extended outward. What these wings are for will presently be explained, but meanwhile it will be appropriate to speak of other kinds of cones and the curiously-difficult processes which have to be applied in order to compel them to open.

Such cones —as, for example, those of the knob pine and jack pine—do not appear to be intended by Nature to liberate their seeds at all except in case of a forest fire. A great fire rages through a forest, destroying the trees in its path, and then, by the fierce heat of the flames, the gummy stuff that seals so tightly the scales of the cone is melted, releasing the seeds, which thus replant the area laid waste. Under other circumstances the cones never open; their seeds are not scattered, and the trees seem to make no effort whatever to propagate their kind.

Handling Pine Seeds

The scales of the cone being so hermetically glued, it is out of the question to persuade them to give up their seeds by exposure to the sun. They have to be boiled in water for a while to dissolve the gummy stuff, and not until then can the precious kernels be shaken out. After that they are treated like any other seeds of conifers, being put into bags of gunny-sacking, kneaded to separate the wings, and are finally put through sieves to get rid of dirt and other extraneous material.

Cones of other species, which, while less refractory than those of the knob pine and jack pine, refuse to respond to the sun's warmth, are stored for a week or two in a closed room that is heated to a high temperature. In this way the moisture they contain is made to expand, opening the scales, and in due course the seeds are shaken out. Experience has shown that the seeds of any of the conifers will remain in good condition for five or six years if kept in a dry place, but they give best results when planted within a year, or at most two years, after they are gathered.

The wing with which each seed of a conifer is provided is intended to help it to fly as far as possible from the parent tree, thus helping in the distribution of the species. It is a not uncommon, though surely very interesting, provision of Nature; and, were space available, quite a chapter might here be written about the flight of seeds. Each dandelion seed, for instance, is carried aloft by a tiny balloon of fluff; and a noteworthy example along this line is furnished by the seeds of the linden, which, by means of ingeniously arranged wings, fall to the ground with a gyratory motion, revolving like so many little whirligigs, so that the seed itself, which is at the bottom of the contrivance, has a tendency to bore its way into the earth.

At the stations of the Forest Service the seeds thus gathered are planted in drills in the garden beds. At Halsey, which is the largest tree-breeding outfit in the world, there are five and a half acres of beds under artificial shade. Over a portion of this area the shade-roofing, which is a horizontal lattice-work of laths, is placed on posts at a height of about seven feet, so as to allow men to walk beneath it; elsewhere it is only a foot and a half above the ground and so arranged that the lattice frames of which it is composed can be folded, to prevent them from being broken down by snow. Grown by this scientific method, and incidentally watered by pipe-lines running from a conveniently-placed reservoir, the baby trees thrive mightily, and at the end of a year or two years (depending upon the species) are ready to be transplanted to other beds, where they receive the full heat of the sun. Here they remain for another twelvemonth, or in some cases twice that length of time, and then are taken up for planting in their eventual home—that is to say, in one or another of the forest reserves. This last process, of course, is one of much delicacy, care being taken that the roots shall be kept moist, and that they shall suffer no injury.

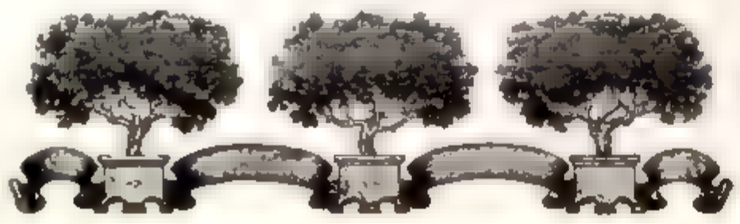
The Trees' Fight for Life

In the forest reserve the trees are set out six feet apart each way, or in other instances four feet apart. In the former case there are twelve hundred and ten, and in the latter twenty-seven hundred and twenty-two, to the acre. This means, of course, a pretty thick growth, but it is asserted that half of the trees will die sooner or later. It is simply a case of the survival of the fittest, and the struggle for water and light begins from the very start.

Trees in a natural forest often plant themselves no farther than six inches apart, or perhaps closer, but such overcrowding is objectionable and does not produce good results. On the other hand, the trees in the artificial plantation that perish actually contribute to the development of those which survive, by "shading out" the lower branches, causing them to fall off, and obliging the survivors, in pursuit of light, to tower aloft far into the sky.

To the purely æsthetic eye the ideal tree is of the kind that stands in an open space, with many wide-spreading branches. This does not at all correspond, however, to the forester's notion of what is desirable. Merchantable timber is what he is looking for, and, to meet this demand, the tree must be tall, with a fine crown, but having few branches lower down on the trunk, and correspondingly few knots. Up-to-date forestry is not for the decoration of landscapes, but for hard dollars.

Naturally, pursuit of the scientific method described will have a tendency not only to add largely to certain forested areas in this country, but to develop a superior growth of trees, which in the course of time —a great conifer does not reach its full height and bigness until it is about a century old —will represent in the aggregate a money value mounting up into the hundreds of millions.



MR. HOUSEHOLDER SAYS:

"After looking over all the heater propositions last year, I decided to install a

SPENCER HEATER

and, now that I've used it all winter, I'm convinced that every claim made in the catalog is true.

"For instance, I have to shovel coal only half as much as formerly, because the water-jacketed magazine feed holds sufficient to burn 24 hours or more in moderate weather, and its perfect automatic regulation keeps the house at a uniform temperature—all night long, too.

"I can burn pea or No. 1 buckwheat coal now, and my fuel bills are from 30 to 60% less than they used to be. I use cheaper coal and less of it, than any of my friends."

Illustrated catalog free on request (mention your dealer's name). WRITE TO-DAY and get the winter's heating problem off your mind!

SPENCER HEATER CO.
300 Commonwealth Bldg., Scranton, Pa.
(Interesting proposition for dealers in open territory.)

"Ever-Ready" Safety Razor $1.00

12 BLADES With Every Set

American Safety Razor Co.
320 Broadway, New York

Victor Hand-Forged Automobile

Water cooled; 2 cycle engine 4½ x 4 cylinder, wheels 37 inches; 1¼-inch Goodyear cushion tires; runs from 1 to 25 miles per hour. No country too rough or hilly for the Hand-Forged Victor. Price $450, including leather top, fenders, lamps, horn, tools, etc. Write for catalogue and full particulars.

VICTOR AUTOMOBILE MFG. CO., 109 Carroll St., St. Louis, Mo.

Earning Money

Any one can do it and no experience is necessary. THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL and THE SATURDAY EVENING POST have made it sure. If you think you're going to amount to something write to

The Curtis Publishing Company, Philadelphia,

and get your start now.

BANG!!! A Safety Cannon at Last!!!

No Fuse! No Fire! No Danger!

Patent Applied For

SPECIALTY COMPANY Passaic N. J. Agents Wanted.

Commonwealth Casualty Co.

PHILADELPHIA.

Issues unequalled policies protecting against loss of income due to any accident or disease, at small monthly premiums. Write for circulars. Agents Wanted.

REDUCED RATES on shipments of Household Goods to and from all Pacific Coast Points. Beklas Warehouses at all principal points. Maps Free.

Beklas Household Shipping Co.
640 First National Bank Bldg., Chicago

GETTING ON IN THE WORLD

Advertising by Telegraph

ADVERTISERS have adopted almost every possible means of placing their goods before the public in such a manner that they will buy. They have used signs, space in publications, canvassers, personal letters, premiums and countless other means. But not one of them, so far as I know, has yet developed the practicability of the telegram as an advertisement.

Advertising by telegraph would be a novel and certain method of making sales. It would not be expensive, and would bring better results than the methods now employed. In selling goods, the advertiser realizes that the absolute attention of the possible buyer is the thing most to be desired, and this is what a telegram gets. A telegram is not thrown aside and forgotten, as is an advertisement of any other kind, even a personal letter.

Think, for a moment, what passes through your mind when you receive a telegram! First, you think of an accident, then of an important business proposition—bad luck, good news, or most anything; but the main idea is that you do think. While your trembling fingers are tearing off the corner of that envelope you are thinking of it, intently, exclusively—all other things are out of your mind. The telegram receives your absolute attention.

Now, anything to which you give your absolute attention leaves an indelible impression on your mind for days. Thus, the telegram answers the greatest need of the advertiser.

Furthermore, the excitement of curiosity has been found a most profitable means of advertising. What could excite your curiosity more than to receive the following telegram while spending a quiet evening at home?

Jones:
Do you like good music? Is there any at home? PHINNEY.

You would look at it fifty times and laugh, and puzzle and wonder what on earth it meant.

Then, the next night, if you were to receive another at about the same time:

Jones:
Home could be happier; some doctors prescribe music for health.
PHINNEY.

you would show it to your friends the next day. You would tell them about the other one, and puzzle your head over it continually. Mystery excites curiosity, curiosity commands attention; the advertiser knows all this, and he pays for attention.

The next night you receive another message, at the same time:

Jones:
Will call at eight to-morrow night to explain and entertain. Invite your friends. PHINNEY.

That begins to sound interesting.

The next day you invite in a few friends for the surprise, you think about it, you excite your friends' curiosity, too.

That night your friends come, everybody is expectant. The bell rings, and in walks a gentleman with a phonograph.

"I am representing the Phinney Phonograph Company," he explains simply, and sets about to entertain the company.

Everybody is delighted, the novelty is appreciated, the mystery is solved, a most enjoyable evening is spent, and the chances are that a sale or two will be made.

This is merely an illustration of what could be done in one line of business. But advertising by telegraph would be found practical and profitable in any business. Some might think the expense would be too great. But most advertisers are willing to pay seventy-five cents to get the absolute attention of one man, and several friends, to their article. Of course, a low-priced article could not be advertised in this manner, but anything from a superior mattress to a new automobile would come under this head. Advertising by telegraph would transform the possibility into a probability. It is at present an untried field, and it is bound to become an unlimited one.

The possibilities are great. For instance, rates could be made with telegraph companies, by heavy advertisers of this kind, so that the advertising cost could be reduced to a minimum. Towns could be worked systematically at a small cost, and, in time, the service might be reduced to practically postage rates. Most business houses have names of prospective buyers. These "leads" they give to their salesmen and they look them up. It would be found, however, that if the path were smoothed for the salesman, a sale would be assured.

It wouldn't be much of a risk to try this new idea on a few prospective customers, and, with a little originality, advertising by telegraph could be made a good, paying medium in any line of business.—*R. C. B.*

Milk for the Babies

I DIVIDED the early years of my manhood between a rather unsuccessful career on a farm, brought to a close by two years of drought, and a number of jobs at heavy work in warehouses.

Four years ago I was head warehouseman for a big commission house, and worked from six in the morning until six at night, sometimes in the summer until nine or ten. We owned our home, which was pleasantly situated in the suburbs of the city, but I saw little of my wife and our three children. For a man turned forty there is nothing attractive about such a life.

We had our little garden, which did pretty well under the care of my wife and the two boys; also a pen of chickens and a cow. The latter was of the good old red-and-white species, weak in pedigree, but liberal in milk. She had been with us since the farm days. The children made their pocket-money selling milk among the neighbors.

One evening after eight o'clock a stranger came to the house. He was from down in the city. His little baby had for several days been very sick, and the doctor said she must have pure milk. He came to ask if we could supply him. I arranged to take a bottle with me each morning on my way to work. A few weeks later another man from the same apartment house came on a similar errand.

The fact that these people would come a full three miles to get good milk set my wife and I to discussing the conditions surrounding babies in the city, and, after talking it over with our two new friends, we started a dairy venture of our own.

Robert, our oldest boy, was made the milkman. It was his duty to go over the birth list in the paper each morning and call on such addresses as were reasonably accessible with an offer to supply fresh, pure milk for the baby. Of course, our prices were considerably above those of the regular milk companies.

On his first calls he secured few customers, but after people had a little experience with the ordinary milk, and talked with the doctors, most of them came and asked to be placed on our delivery list. In these early days Robert used the carrier on his bicycle and made his rounds mornings and evenings. The milk was delivered in sealed bottles.

The business grew. It seemed almost no time until we had to buy another cow, and both boys were occupied for the larger part of the day. One customer brought another, because mothers have a way of talking together and exchanging experiences.

We adopted a name, "The Meadowbrook Dairy for Babies," and printed a little advertising circular, in which we told what fine cows we had, what good care we took of them, and mostly about the cleanliness in milking and in handling the milk. We specially called attention to the fact that all the milk was at once placed in bottles, which were then sealed and delivered inside of two hours.

We mailed these to the doctors of the city, and, lest they should forget, sent new copies once a month. We also each morning sent them to the homes of the new babies, and about ten days later sent a fresh supply to the house from which we had not heard.

Our little dairy has made us independent. We have bought a little meadow two or three miles out from the city, and I have quit the warehouse and am enjoying an easy life, running the farm. We have a herd of twelve fine cows, and now the boys with their wagons cover the city in regular routes. We run our business just as we did in the beginning, and, although there are many now willing to pay our prices, babies always have the first call.—*H. A. S.*

The Little Red Notebook

WHILE I was struggling with a semi-poverty, lightened by the love of a devoted husband, it was my pleasure to come to know a woman of rare attainments who was also wealthy. One day this wealthy woman met me downtown and invited me to luncheon. As she paid the bill and tipped the waiter she pulled out a tiny silver-edged notebook, which must have cost as much as the luncheon, and made a note.

I allowed my curiosity to overcome my breeding, for she caught the look of interest on my face. She thereupon informed me that she had made a note of the little expenditure, as she always did of every penny she spent, and replaced the extravagant little notebook in a handsome alligator bag.

That action set me to thinking and I invested in a cheap notebook. At the end of a month I discovered leaks in our savings which simply took away my breath. My husband allowed me one-half of his earnings on which to run the house. Then I began to economize, with the help of the notebook, and I soon found the direct road to economy. I will not say I grew penurious, but I certainly discovered many startling expenditures.

I found that even two soda water fountain drinks per day cost thirty-six dollars a year, which was the exact amount I made as a first payment on a lot which cost me one hundred and fifty dollars. It was the proudest moment of my life when I brought in a clear deed to that lot and showed it to my astounded husband. He had been kept in the dark about my little savings-account. It was my only secret and it was a joyous one.

The most remarkable part of this story is that the lot which I purchased with many dubious misgivings took a sudden leap in value a few months later. The wealthy woman's husband bought up the adjacent property to erect a manufacturing industry, and he came to my home with a proposition of five hundred dollars for that ground. I simply took a car and went out to her house and told her the story of the notebook. She smiled as she said, "I taught you your lesson, and now I am paying you for it!" After that economy came easier, for we invested judiciously.

Many lots are ours now and I have no need to fear poverty, but I carry the duplicate of that little red notebook always with me.—*E. Z.*

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THE MISCHIEF-MAKER

(Continued from Page 6)

Kelvin looked up again, and continued looking until his neck ached. Then he glanced defiantly at the girl and sat down. Presently he forced a pleasant smile.

"I beg your pardon," he said cheerfully, and with a note of surprise in his voice, as though for the first time that day he had noticed her presence in Westchester. "I am wondering whether by any chance you observed a butterfly around this vicinity —belonging to me?"

She permitted him a slow, disdainful sweep of her eyes.

"I have seen several butterflies to-day," she said. "It did not occur to me they might belong to anybody."

"This one—the one I have been chasing —is a dusky bluish one," he ventured. "I really must secure that specimen; it's quite necessary for my rather important collection. So I wondered whether by any chance you happened to notice such a butterfly?"

She remained silent.

He repeated his question.

"Yes, I saw it," she said, flushing up. "You know perfectly well that I saw it."

"Where is it now?" he asked, reddening in his turn.

"I do not see why I should answer that question," she said with perfect self-possession.

"Why—why, I've just explained to you. That is Diana's butterfly—a tremendously rare one. Never before has anybody seen it flying north of Virginia. And of course, as I was fortunate enough to discover it - it's—so to speak—*my* butterfly."

"I think," she said resolutely, "that I was fortunate in seeing it before you—before anybody else noticed it. Under that impression," she added coldly, "I was at some pains and inconvenience to follow it."

"Pains!" he repeated; "inconvenience! I may say that for myself. Of course, no doubt you supposed that you first discovered it ——"

"I know I did."

"I do not question the sincerity of your belief, but, as it happens, it was I who first discovered it ——"

"I cannot admit that," she retorted with a quaver in her voice.

"I'm sorry," he said patiently, "but it's a fact. And I would not press the point or insist if this butterfly were not so unusual —if the occurrence of this insect was not absolutely unique in this latitude."

"I don't see," she said, with another little catch in her voice, "why that makes any difference."

Kelvin spoke impressively:

"It makes this difference: if it were a common or even a rare specimen indigenous to Westchester, I, being a man, would naturally yield it to you. But this butterfly is too important to decorate the collection of a mere amateur; science knows no sex—or courtesy to sex. It is important to science and to the world that this specimen of Argynnis Diana should be procured and safely cared for by some man who, like myself, is prepared to abandon the hideously commercial pursuits he has hitherto blindly indulged in, and devote the remainder of an all-too-brief career to the exacting demands of science."

When he had delivered himself of this, he paused to recover his breath and observe the effect on her.

She sat with head obstinately lowered, eyes bent on the moss at her feet; but she offered no answer, no concession.

"Will you tell me where that butterfly is?" he asked. "I don t desire to appear selfish."

"You *do* appear so."

"I don't mean to ——"

"It—it will be a hideous disappointment to me if I lose that butterfly," she said. "I —I simply can't endure the thought of it. The idea of—of anybody taking it away from me!"

"In the interest of science," he began, but she shook her head.

"I can't help it; I like the color of that butterfly, and I want to place it in my collection. I"—she looked up hopefully—"I have a very pretty collection—all kinds and colors ——"

"That's very praiseworthy," he explained; "but science is different. You merely want pretty things in cases to decorate a mantel or ——"

"Of course I do!"

"Very well; then catch a lot of everyday butterflies. I—I'll help you if you wish."

"No, I don't wish it—thank you."

"As you please. Only you surely must recognize the importance of my securing this particular ——"

"I do *not* recognize it."

There was a pause

"Will you tell me where that butterfly is?"

No answer.

"Is it up in that oak tree?"

No reply.

He looked at her, but her pretty head was averted. Then an obstinate expression came over his features; he sat down on the dead leaves about ten feet away from her.

For a while he busied himself with arranging his specimens; first he unslung the bag of garter snakes, peeped into the neck of it, drew the string tight and placed it on the grass.

Askance the girl watched the bag, shivering slightly when the limp folds undulated with the wriggling reptiles inside.

Then Kelvin spread out his ferns, wrapped up their roots in damp cloth, and squinted at the fronds through a pocket magnifying-glass. After that he removed his hat, unpinned the butterflies, and placed the specimens, wings closed over their backs, in little three-cornered paper envelopes. These he packed carefully into a flat tin box which was slung over his shoulder.

He had a few gruesome caterpillars; these he counted and secured in another box punched full of holes. After that he emptied his pockets of the remaining treasures, placed each in its proper receptacle, and, duty finished, looked around inquiringly at his neighbor.

She appeared to be immersed in a study of the top branches of the oak; he strove to make out which particular leaf she was gazing at, having no doubt in his mind that Diana, wings folded, hung there clasping the leaf with delicate limbs.

It was like looking for a needle in a haystack, for, unless he had seen the butterfly alight, it seemed utterly impossible to find it up there among a million leaves.

He studied the foliage until he grew peevish. Then, suddenly, he remembered that over his left shoulder he carried a game-bag full of alluring luncheon. His entire physical being yearned for it. So first of all he went to the river, washed his hands and returned.

Very methodically he produced a large, freshly-ironed handkerchief and spread it out on the moss. Upon this he placed several species of nourishing sandwiches, some fruit, and a patent cooler full of spring water.

The girl resolutely watched the hidden Diana, yet, at moments, her brown eyes stole toward the single glass of water which he had poured.

"Now," he said coolly, "it being impossible for us both to eat together, I will take your place on watch while you lunch."

"Thank you," she said, "but I shall not tell you where my Diana is hiding."

"That is not necessary," he said. "If anything attempts to fly out of that oak tree I can see it. I'll simply keep my eye on the tree."

She declined with a shake of her head, but thanked him.

"Then I'll bring something to you ——"

"Please don't!"

"I must—if I am to eat."

"I—I don't care for anything."

"But I can't sit there and stuff myself all alone."

She smiled faintly, glancing askance at the glass of water.

"You are a generous rival," she said. "I I really am perishing for a sip of water."

He brought the glass to her.

"Have you plenty?" she inquired.

"Plenty."

She drank a little slowly, and while she was drinking he laid his game-bag across her knees. On the flat leather was a clean sheet of notepaper from his field-book, and on this paper he placed some lettuce and chicken sandwiches, two pears and three peaches.

She handed him the glass of water, demurring, but as he refused to touch food unless she did, she finally began, daintily.

"I had some luncheon—the packet slipped out of my collecting box when I was -was going over a fence," she explained.

"And you didn't stop to recover it?"

"Stop? For a thing like that?" she asked disdainfully.

"Well, that is rather plucky of you," he observed.

"I don't think so. I'd do almost anything—sacrifice anything—almost—to capture that butterfly."

He grew grave immediately; there was a silence; then he said:

"I didn't suppose you possessed any of the qualities one expects to find in a true scientist. I don't understand how an—an amateur, who cares only for the mere prettiness of a butterfly, could run as fast after one as you did, and keep up such a heart-breaking chase under a vertical sun ——"

"It would break my heart if I couldn't get that butterfly," she said.

"It's the same with me," he admitted. "But I don't see why it would do anything so serious to you."

"Why not? I've set my heart on it."

"Have you a serious collection?"

"Yes," she said.

"Do you study butterflies?"

"Certainly I do."

"Seriously?"

"Perfectly," she smiled.

"Scientifically?" he persisted

She pouted adorably: "No, if you mean to ask me whether I know all their names."

"But—what use are they to you?"

"They are of a use most important," she said with smiling decision. And as his eyes grew rounder she laughed. "Of course, you think that I probably cook and eat them."

"I can't understand," he said, "why you take such a tremendous lot of trouble to chase this butterfly ——"

"I told you; it's the color that attracted me. I never saw such a delicately original combination of smoky gray and blue and pearl tints."

"And you want my rare and wonderful Diana just because you like the color of her wings?" he demanded impatiently.

"Just for that. In butterflies the combination of colors is so charmingly original that I use them in selecting my hats and gowns."

He looked at her, exasperated. She was eating a peach, and the delicately, delightful way she did it would have humbled any ordinary man to adoration. Even Kelvin, deep in his benighted soul of an entomologist, felt several exquisite thrills shooting among his ribs, and, between spasms of exasperation, he sat rather dazzled by her fresh, youthful beauty.

"There are some things which are the limit," he said, partly to himself.

The girl sipped her glass of water and gazed up into the tree.

"Suppose," he said, "that Diana should suddenly take a notion to come to earth?"

"I would run after her," she observed.

"So would I," he said promptly.

"Meanwhile," she nodded gayly, "there is no use in speculating as to which one of us is to be fortunate."

Clearly she had every confidence in her own quickness of eye and fleetness of limb, and her laughing courage disturbed Kelvin.

"In the interests of science," he said suddenly, "I ought to climb that tree."

"What?" she exclaimed, paling.

"I ought to sling my butterfly net around my neck and shin up that tree," he repeated.

"Tha—that is unfair—horridly unfair ——"

"And shin up and up," he continued, unheeding, "until I get to the top. Then I'd easily discover Diana ——"

"I if you attempt to climb that tree," she exclaimed, "I'll climb it, too!"

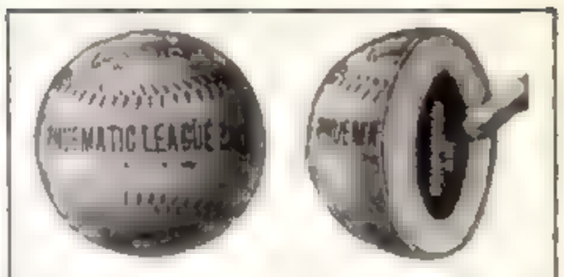
"You can't," he jeered, feeling very, very mean in his triumph.

"I can. I'll do it, too—if you attempt it"

"I'm going to in the interest of science," he announced deliberately. And, rising, he walked to the foot of the tree.

Instantly she sprang to her feet, but as he easily swung himself into the first crotch she halted, went white, then red, then, as he turned and looked down at her, the quick tears rushed to her eyes.

"Science or not," she faltered, in a choking voice, "it is—it is contemptible!"



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But he was leaning down from the first branch, holding out both hands to her, and saying: "Of course, I mean to fight you on even terms. Catch my hands—reach up a little higher! Now! Swing clear! I'll lift you into the first crotch!"

It was done in an instant: he swung her from her feet to a firm footing beside him; and, as she caught a branch and steadied herself, she said:

"I knew you were not that sort. You fight fairly. I knew you always would."

"How did you know?"

"How? Why, I've made up my mind about you; I made up my mind the first time I ever saw you—this last spring—when you first came wandering along the Bronx."

"And—what did you decide," he asked, affected by her frankness and by the nearness of her. For they were crowded rather closely together in the crotch of the oak—so close that he was sensible of the delicately-vague fragrance of her—the faint, fresh odor of her hair, her gown, her breath.

She steadied her slender body, one hand on the tree trunk, and looked fearlessly aloft.

"Come on," she said. "Are you ready to start on even terms?"

He looked up at the high branches, then at her.

"*You* can't go up there," he said, with a curious sensation of apprehension.

"Why not?"

"I—it's too—too high. Your shoes are slippery ——"

"There's no more chance of my falling than there is of yours, is there?"

And as he did not reply: "Fair warning!" she said, catching with both sun-tanned hands the branch above her head. "Fair warning! One, two, three!" and they scrambled upward together through the thicket of leaves and branches.

They had shortened their butterfly nets, and hung them around their necks by rubber bands. The rings and the netting became constantly entangled in the foliage as they raced upward, climbing swiftly toward the patches of blue sky on high.

He easily outstripped her; her skirts and her net seemed to catch continually. Besides, her wrists were not as strong as his and her limbs were not so long or so sturdy. He used his powerful shoulder muscles and swung up the ladder of branches past her, tearing a skyward path through the green. Already he had distanced her; the precarious footing did not slacken his pace, nor hers either; but his head was above hers, then slowly neck, chest, shoulders ahead of hers. He glanced down into her determined face, caught a glimmer of defiance in the brown eyes; then suddenly the eyes widened under a shock of purest fear; he saw the small, smooth hand slip, clutch at the branch, cling and slip; the face below him turned ashy. And at the same moment he stooped and caught her under her arms.

For a second she hung there at a dizzy height—a dead weight in his arms, head fallen back. He thought she had fainted, but the brown eyes opened, she swung her right leg forward and regained the crotch from whence it had slipped.

"Quick! Around my neck with both arms!" he gasped. "I can hold you!"

"W-will I endanger you?"

"No, no! Hurry!"

Her clasp around his neck nearly tore him from the branches, but he hung close, bending slowly backward, farther, farther, until she was drawn little by little out of the abyss and fell forward safe against him among the branches.

Minute after minute throbbed; again and again she strove to recover her self-possession, but she only crouched there, trembling, eyes closed.

"You play fairly," she managed to gasp. "Are you waiting to give me another chance?"

"You mean that you are willing to try it—*again!*" he demanded incredulously.

She nodded, breathing fast. "One moment—to recover my confidence—if you don't mind."

"You plucky little thing!" his lips motioned, but he made no sound, watching the play of golden light and leaf-shadow over her closed eyes and creamy skin. Then a slight color came back into the cheeks, her brown eyes opened on his; she tried to smile.

"I am ready, I think," she said.

A slowly growing thrill enveloped him; he made no answer, but his eyes never left hers.

"Are you ready?" she asked, clearing her forehead of its hair with unsteady hand. Her hand still trembled a little as she grasped the next branch above her head. And as though in simple curiosity he laid his hand over it. Her fingers were icy.

"You are afraid," he said.

"I know it."

"But you are still willing to try again?"

"Of course."

His hand over hers began to shake slightly, and she noticed it and raised her eyes.

"Are *you* afraid?"

"Horribly."

"Then I'll wait for you," she said simply, leaning forward to steady her body against the main trunk

"You'll have to wait a long time," he said.

"I don't mind."

"Longer than you know."

"You waited for me. I don't mind."

"But—but it is *you* I am afraid for, not myself."

She looked up with the pure, direct gaze of a child. For a minute they faced each other in silence.

"May I tell you something?" he asked.

"Yes."

"Then—there's a man—a friend of mine —— No, I can't explain it that way. Let me begin in another way. Did—have you—noticed any particular change in yourself—any radical change in your temperament and character—a—recently? I mean within the last three months? For instance, were you, three months ago, particularly devoted to prowling about the Bronx and listening to dicky-birds and chasing butterflies?"

She shook her pretty head. "I am greatly changed," she said. "Three months ago nothing on earth could have induced me to run wild like this—shatter every canon of convention and common-sense and go roaming about, gipsy-mad. Were *you* always so devoted to natural history?"

"I? No!" he said, almost violently. "I was *not!* I'm normally a plain business man. I make pulp paper! Three months ago I began this sort of performance ——"

"Three months!"

"Exactly—like yourself. I didn't want to do it. I, for example—I detest snakes and caterpillars, but I've a box full of 'em down there"

She shuddered.

"And here I am," he said, "up a tree like an accursed monkey, disputing over a butterfly with a girl I—I never saw ——"

"Did—*didn't* you see me—in the beginning?"

"Yes, I did, and I couldn't keep my eyes off you. And that is the truth!"

"Oh," she said faintly.

"Yes, the truth!" he continued excitedly; "and the truth is that, somehow, within three months I've the most dreadful and shameless inclination to tell the absolute truth to anybody who asks me. It's—it's damaging my business somewhat; it's raising the mischief with me socially. I'm a changed, transformed, translated man; I'm not myself. The chances are that I'll never, never again be myself—after what Manners has done to me ——"

"*Manners!*"

"Oh, he's evidently been meddling with you, too," said Kelvin. "You are probably one of the agreeable girls he noticed from his club window. Tell me—*were* you the usual frivolous, capricious, fashionable, empty-headed opportunist, brought up in terror of convention and good taste! *Were* you?"

"Y-yes," she faltered. "I—I hadn't an idea outside of the drilled routine I was bred to. They think I am crazy at home."

"Then it's Manners!" he exclaimed.

"Manners?" she faltered. "I don't think I understand."

"Manners is a man—William T. Manners!—a mischief-making, meddlesome friend of mine! He's given you absent treatment ——"

"For what!" she demanded angrily.

"Frivolity—mental vacancy—general uselessness, I suppose! He gave it to me—he's filled me full of thoughts! He's fired me with a craze for truth and Nature."

"I—I am afflicted that way, too," she murmured. "I am most unwilling to say so, but the truth is that w-when I first saw you, you attracted me—v-very m-m-much."

"You plucky little thing to say so!" he cried warmly.

"No; it isn't pluck. I—can't help it. Do you think I want to admit such a thing to a man whose name I don't even know?" she demanded. "It isn't pluck; for instance, *I* didn't want to chase that butterfly and climb this tree! Can't you understand? Please, please understand that I know how horrid and common and unconventional I appear."

"I absolutely deny it. You know I couldn't help saying so if you did appear that way. But you don't; you are charming and bewilderingly attractive ——"

"Oh, please—I don't wish you to say"—she stopped—"I mean—that the truth is—the dreadful, unescapable truth is that I do wish to listen to you—even up this tree."

Her rising color and her emotion were reflected in his face and voice.

"You are the—the most splendid girl I ever saw," he said unsteadily.

"You—you—oh, *must* I tell you how frightened and happy you make me!" she asked in crimson distress. "I have—I was engaged to marry a man—but he isn't like you—oh, not at all like you. I think—if you—if I thought you might really ever care for *me*—*that* way—that I'd break the engagement."

Her hand under his trembled; he imprisoned the slim fingers.

"I *do* care for you," he said unsteadily; "I—I am quite mad about you. Can't you see it—can't you feel it?"

"Y-yes. C-can *you* see how—how perfectly crazy I am about you? I am so—so dazed that I think we had better climb down out of this tree."

"Not until I give you—yield to you—the dearest and most precious object that I ever hope to possess!" he cried.

And, before she understood what he contemplated, he was madly scrambling upward among the branches.

And now, fearlessly swinging among the topmost branches, she saw him extend his net, lean far over the tangled maze of green, and beat the foliage.

Instantly there came a bluish flash of wings, a swish of the net, a fluttering struggle within the gauze prison, a faint taint of chloroform in the summer air.

And a minute later he came climbing down, radiant, triumphant, and laid in her trembling palm the conquered Diana, lovely in pearl and cloudy blue.

"For *me!*" she asked.

"For you. I wish I had a thousand to give you."

"I—I can't—I simply cannot take it."

"Do you wish to make me miserable?"

The brown eyes were raised to his—clear, steadfast, pure eyes that did not falter.

"I would rather make you happy than anybody in all the world," she said slowly.

His senses were swimming as he laid the butterfly away in a box, put the box into his pocket, and turned to her.

"I am ready to have you help me down," she said.

And, heart racing madly, he managed to aid her in the descent, down, slowly, from branch to branch, guiding her with arm and hand within his hand.

And at last they reached the last crotch, and he bent down and swung her free above the moss.

"Shall I let you go?" he asked, looking down into her face.

"Yes; it is not far. I can easily drop this distance."

"But—I don't want to let go of you."

"Why?" she looked up, then the color flooded her face. For a moment they were silent, she swinging from his arms above the moss, he bent above her.

"Brown eyes, brown eyes," he whispered; "shall I let you go?"

"Gray eyes," she murmured; "gray eyes! Shall I let *you* go?"

"I love you," he pleaded under his breath.

Hanging there she raised her hands and rested them on his arms that held her suspended an instant, looking up at him. Then, her soul in her eyes, she threw her head back; and their lips clung.

. . . . . .

"One thing," she sighed, as they moved slowly together through the primrose dusk, "and I must do it at once."

"What?" he murmured rapturously.

"Write to that very unfortunate ci-devant fiancé of mine and explain."

Kelvin forced a sigh for the sake of decency.

"Poor devil," he said. "I'm not really sorry for him, of course. Who is he?"

"His name is William Manners," she said softly. "And if he didn't know any better than to mistake the girl he was engaged to for somebody he'd never seen, that is not *my* fault; is it, beloved?"

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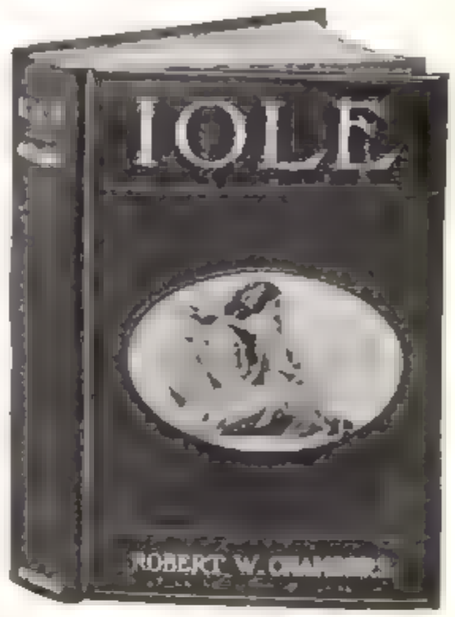
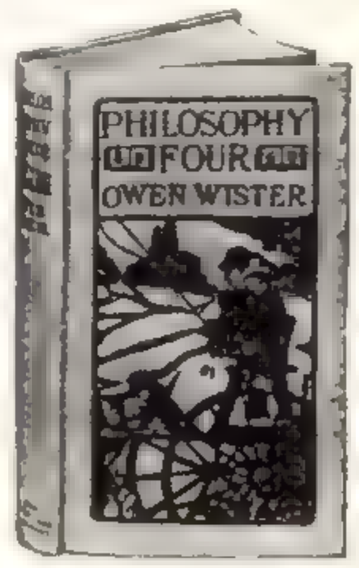


IF YOU have only recently become a reader of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, ask some friend who has been on the list for a longer time what he thought of Robert W. Chambers' "Iole" stories. He will laugh heartily as he tells you how he looked forward from one week to another for the arrival of the magazine, and how he roared with laughter at the delicious humor and satire. The story of the careers of Iole and her seven beautiful, dryad-like sisters and of their father, the Poet Clarence Guilford, is one of the cleverest and wittiest which has appeared in years, and its keen satire is something which nobody can fail to appreciate and enjoy.

"Philosophy Four"

Owen Wister's "Philosophy Four" is one of the brightest, most likable stories ever written by that talented author. It has no heroine and not a ghost of a love-story, but its half-dozen personalities are real life and blood, and the two Harvard undergraduates around whom the tale is woven are healthy, joyously irresponsible



young Americans, neither saints nor sinners, but simply wholesome sons of wholesome fathers. No man who is or ever was a college student, and few who are not, can fail to enjoy this story, and it throws a lot of light on why some men are successes and why others are not.

To any person who will send us ONE NEW SUBSCRIPTION to THE SATURDAY EVENING POST accompanied by $1 50 for same one not now a subscriber we will send, shipping expenses prepaid, a copy of either of these clever handsomely cloth bound and cleverly illustrated books. For two subscriptions you may have both books. Remember the book must be requested when the subscription is sent and the subscription must be for some one not now on our list and not that of the sender. Address

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

MILLIONS IN OLD IRON

And Millions More in Rags, Waste Paper and Discarded Rubber

By H. G. CUTLER

IN EVERY large city thousands of collectors of cast-off articles drive their picturesque rigs through the alleys, keeping their sharp eyes upon back doors and windows, sweeping vacant lots and piercing garbage heaps, in their search for "Rags—Old Iron" and kindred articles. And these pedlers, or retail collectors, are by no means confined to the land, but are busy along the rivers and harbors. They row along the wharves in their old dories, seeking cast-off material, and, as a side issue, occasionally collecting the reward offered for the recovery of a body. They visit vessels and buy old rope, metal, and the dozens of other things obtainable from ship and crew. Manilla rope is the material most commonly handled on shipboard, but this branch of the business is not so profitable now as in the days when so much old rope was used in the making of paper.

Every one of intelligence knows that these gatherers of cast-off things, by sea and land, sell their motley collections to the junk shops; that there is a metal market and a rag market, and that the cotton rags get into paper and the woolen rags into shoddy clothing. This is about as far as the popular information goes; to get at the secrets and details of what is known as the waste trade is another matter. A tour among the retail junk shops of a large city only makes "confusion worse confounded." A visit to any of these districts reveals scores and scores of collectors carrying rags, paper and other familiar collections from their carts to gloomy caverns, and emerging for fresh loads, while from other shops square bales of rags, weighing five or six hundred pounds, are being rolled to waiting trucks which will bear them to the wholesale houses. Before another dark hole men are sorting pieces of old stoves, iron fences, wire and castings, under the watchful eye of the employer. Beyond is a greater jargon of metallic sounds, and peering through a huge doorway one may see perhaps the largest yard for the storage of scrap iron in the country.

Scrap Iron as a Leader

The scrap-iron business leads all the other lines of the metal trade, and is being immensely stimulated by the substitution of electricity for steam by so many of the railroads of the country. It is estimated that within the next five years thirty thousand steam locomotives will go to the junk heap, and, through the wholesale dealers, return to the foundries and smelting works of the country. The handling of the material in a modern scrap-iron yard is one of the practical revelations of the possibilities of electricity. The loaded cars are switched into their siding, and, after being inspected, are turned over to the yard foreman to be unloaded according to classification. The large sheets are taken by the electric cranes to the shears, while the smaller material is assorted, loaded into buckets and lifted to the proper bins.

In the handling of the iron an electric magnet is used, which has a lifting capacity of five tons. It is an iron disk, at the top of which is an electric plug device, and is in working order as long as the current is turned on. Different forms of the disk are employed for handling pig iron, heavy melting stock, small castings, bolts, and, in fact, all kinds of iron and scrap tin, whether loose or in bales. The device is handled with such rapidity that a car can be loaded in fifteen minutes. By this lightning process cast scrap, stove plate, car wheels, burned iron, pipe iron, rails, borings and turnings, received by retail dealers and manufactories, are shipped by the wholesalers in carlots to the foundries and rolling mills at from twelve to thirty dollars per ton.

One scrap-iron yard in Chicago does a business of about two million dollars yearly.

Besides scrap iron, copper, brass, lead, zinc, tin and pewter are of sufficient importance to constitute classes in the market, electrotype metals constituting a special class, as well as solder joints. Under some of these divisions everything metallic collected from the pedlers, railroad yards and worn-out plants, falls into the methodical channels of organized business.

Cable systems are displaced by electric, old telegraph wires are replaced by new, and when expositions have had their days of glory the cables of their transportation ways are also little short of useless; all redound to the benefit of the old-metal dealer, who makes up the wire, cables and other scrap metal into huge bales and sends them by the carload to foundries, smelters and manufactories, to be worked over into finished products.

One immense manufactory, which shall be nameless, uses over fifteen thousand pounds of old metal per day, and another unmentionable wholesale dealer has now stored away in his basement the last of the cable used at the St. Louis Exposition.

In a Rags and Old Paper Shop

As to rags, paper stock, rubber and kindred cast-offs, an entrance to a typical retail shop will naturally force the question: How on earth is all this musty, malodorous jumble to be straightened out and systemized? You faintly realize that women, girls and old men are busily at work in the gloom, but do not understand what they have done until you reach the large, light and well-ordered warehouse of the wholesale dealer.

In the West the grading of cotton rags is done on the ground, mostly by the retailer. But the wholesale dealer gets the bulk of his supplies from manufacturers of shirts, corsets and overalls, and from the large tailors and carpet dealers. The cotton rags which are thus bought from the manufacturer are, of course, graded by the wholesale dealer; their classifications are into twenty or twenty-five grades, determined by condition, quality and the uses to which they are to be put.

The best white cotton rags are used for white paper, all reds and other fast colors being excluded from this class. The coarse rags go into roofing paper. The paper stock is divided into some twenty classes—into various grades of papers, manillas, shavings and book stock, most of this material collected by Western houses now going to the paper mills of the West. Newspapers, paper houses and the Government departments at Washington are the great sources of supply for the wholesale dealer. Although the influx from the retailers is by no means to be despised, it is said that fully seventy-five per cent. of the business which passes through Chicago in this line, as in metals and rags, comes from outside territory, stretching from the Atlantic to the Pacific coasts.

The grading of woolen rags into their seventy and more classes is done mostly in the East, near the seat of the manufactories, although Western houses divide them into soft and hard—the former shoddy material, and the latter to be worked into worsteds and cassimeres. Most of the carpet rags go direct to the Philadelphia carpet manufacturers.

Where the Cast-off Rubber Goes

With some of the wholesale dealers the rubber part of their trade is the most important, the leading house in metals (outside of scrap iron) and rags in Chicago basing over thirty per cent. of its business of one million dollars per annum on this one item. Having been stripped of all cloth and other extraneous material, the old rubber boots and shoes, wagon and bicycle tires, air-brake hose, white and red rubber of manufactured goods, and small scraps are also baled and shipped in carlots to the factories to be remanufactured.

New York is now receiving about fifty thousand dollars' worth of old rubber per week, and Chicago is not far behind. As the United States is using fifty million dollars' worth of rubber per annum—half the world's production—and has an ever-increasing demand on account of the popularity of the automobile and the growing use of the material for electrical purposes, the reason for its importance in the waste trade is evident. Of the several items in rubber goods, old rubber boots and shoes take the lead, the prices varying according as they are supplied in carlots.

There is nothing really amusing in the picture of old rubber boots and shoes in carlots, or in the extract from a trade paper that "one of the most surprising developments of the local market is how the pronounced dullness in old rubber boots and shoes suddenly broke into a condition of unprecedented activity"—and yet the smile will come!

Although great advances have been made in the waste trade throughout the United States, it is the opinion of experts that Germany and Great Britain are far in the lead in methods, classification and the construction of warehouses. Several municipalities in the United States have gone into the business of making money from the systematic utilization of their refuse dumps, and various new fields are being opened for the extension of the trade.

Through the process of detinning, the market for old tin cans has been wonderfully expanded—establishments thus specializing being particular to advertise that they want "old tin cans from refuse heaps." It is proposed to make paper from cotton and corn stalks, and bottles out of paper. In public and private buildings rubber floors are coming more and more into use, so that ere long thousands will be walking on made-over rubber boots and shoes.

The one great grief of the waste trade seems to be that it is being outdone by the oil and meat trusts in the utilization of their waste products; but at their present rate of progress the "Rags—Old Iron" men will soon be in the lead.

Flowers Saved Her

I AM a farmer's wife. Five years ago I was threatened with consumption. "You must live outdoors," said the doctor.

So it was exercise in the fresh air or confirmed invalidism and, in the end, death. I was much discouraged, for our little farm was heavily mortgaged. I hired a neighbor's daughter and turned my back on the kitchen, and, with my two children, roamed over hills and valleys near our home.

It was springtime, and the hills were carpeted with flowers, and one day an idea popped into my head. I would make some wild-flower booklets and take them to Acton, a summer resort ten miles away, and sell them as souvenirs. With the help of my children I picked a number of the flowers, and put them to press between two table-boards, first covering the boards with clean manilla paper.

In the afternoon I visited a friend of mine who could paint a little in water-colors and hired her to letter the outside of the booklets with: "A Pleasant Reminder of the Happy Days at Acton," "Happy Memories of Acton," and similar sentiments. The booklets were made of a folded piece of thin cardboard. On one page were the pressed flowers, on the opposite page some appropriate verse.

I took a dozen of these booklets to Acton one day and placed them in a curio store in the largest hotel on the grounds. Before evening all the booklets were gone. I arranged with the curio dealer to take orders and to sell the booklets for ten per cent. I went home with a light heart.

My walks now had an objective point. I was a flower-seeker. I made all kinds of booklets, following the same plan. A wholesale florist became interested in my work. He said that he would take a large quantity of pressed foliage, oak, sumach and maple if I would press it carefully and send it to him in good shape. This gave me profitable and healthful employment outdoors until the frost came. Then I found a place where the blue gentian flourished. I made up a number of booklets with this comparatively rare flower.

It is now five years since I started in the business. I now have a good income, a better kitchen in which a competent girl works regularly—and not a sign of consumption. —*B. C. E.*

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"Rubberset" Shaving Brushes

"The only kind that won't shed Bristles"

"Rubberset" Shaving Brushes are the only brushes made that won't shed bristles over the face. Why? Because the bristles are solidly embedded in HARD RUBBER—proven by test to be the only brush-setting that can withstand the sterilizing action of hot water. That's why every "Rubberset" is guaranteed to remain [illegible]. Look out for imitations. Our trade-mark on every brush is your protection.

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GILSON
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The Press Co., Meriden, Conn.

LIMITING OPPORTUNITY

(Concluded from Page 7)

traffic in this line had an annual turnover last year of fifty-three millions, which was an increase for the twelvemonth of fifteen millions. It receives a hundred thousand letters daily, containing $200,000 in money and drafts, and manufactures a large proportion of its goods in its own factories. Yet fifteen years ago the head of this concern was selling cheap watches by mail, and had an office in one small room.

The outcry against mail-order competition that comes from the small retailer is bitter indeed. Yet not all retailers join in this condemnation of mail-order houses, because hundreds are building mail-order departments of their own. Not only the farmers living in sparsely-settled Western districts purchase supplies in this manner, but the suburban dwellers about large cities, and the people living in small cities of the East, and even residents of the largest cities. In New York, for instance, the retail house that sells and delivers within a few blocks in winter, issues a mail-order catalogue for the use of its customers going to the country or seaside in summer, and its trade becomes a long-distance one. Among neighborhood retailers the disposition is to fight mail trading; but as soon as the retailer grows out of his neighborhood he turns to and develops this class of patronage. It is fundamental, and has come to stay, and when the retailer goes with the current instead of upstream he finds it a means of widening his opportunities. The telephone and trolley are bringing in new conditions for merchants, and, perhaps, will be more or less in the nature of salvation to some of them within the next ten years. To-day the small retailer is fighting against a parcels-post on the assumption that it will divert most of his trade to the mail-order houses. But ten years hence he may find such a service exactly the thing he needs to deliver packages ordered by telephone and mail. Mail-order trade has been built up largely by intelligent promotive work. The price factor counts, beyond doubt. But the local merchant has always the advantage of being the man on the spot. He can save time to his customers, and that is a greater advantage, probably, than the average local merchant realizes to-day.

Long-Distance Shopping

The young man looking for his opportunity in retail trade might do worse than study the mail-order business and embark in this long-distance shopkeeping. Twenty years of such business has taught fully one-half the American public to deal in this way, and the other half is being educated very rapidly. People now shop by mail as naturally as in regular stores. The care of the post-office department, together with a long record of honorable trading on the part of mail-order concerns, has built up confidence with the public. And while the leading mail-order houses are now great corporations, dealing in millions, yet the mail-order field is essentially one of modest beginnings. About the only requisite is experience gained with a house in this field, and after that a little capital and a desirable line of goods—often a single article.

Less than ten years ago a couple of young men quit salaried places with a Chicago mail house and rented a small room for $25 a month. They had about $2000 savings, with some ideas. The first month $150 was spent in advertising for agents to sell soaps and toilet articles. These agents were asked to send for a sample-case of the goods, which was forwarded free, and then canvass their own neighborhoods for orders. When an order for ten dollars or more was sent in, with cash, this firm shipped the goods, and along with them some sort of premium—a piece of furniture, a watch, a large wax doll, or what-not. This is known technically as the "trust" plan of doing business, the term arising from the fact that the firm intrusts samples to the agent. The idea was not at all new when these young men took it up, for during the ten years before that a huge business had been built up in Buffalo on the same lines. But these young men knew the game, and were not afraid of work. To-day their annual turnover runs into millions, and they spend $100,000 a year in advertising.

Two maiden ladies in an inland city attended a religious assembly one summer, and found a good deal of amusement in studying local styles in shirtwaists—eminently a feminine field of research. The fashions were one to three seasons behind the calendar, and on every hand was noted the honest but unaesthetic craftsmanship of the village dressmaker. This study eventually led them to advertise fashionable waists by mail in that section. A very little exploitation brought more orders than could be filled. The maiden ladies then found that there was also a manufacturing problem to be met—skilled seamstresses to make the garments could not be found so far from the Ghetto.

In New York a large waist house selling through the dry-goods trade found that a certain mail-order firm selling women's suits was getting rid of 20,000 shirtwaists yearly almost without advertising, as a side-line and a convenience to customers. This discovery led to the founding of a good mail business in shirtwaists.

Take the retail merchant by and large, wherever one finds him, and his brow is more likely to be furrowed by care than that of the salaried man or manufacturer. Yet it is not easy to demonstrate that those deep furrows were put there by the predatory trusts.

Competitive Worry

His profits have shrunk, and that is surely something to worry about. Sometimes it looks very much as though the trusts had shrunk them. Yet usually it is competition that is to blame, and the retailer's competitor across the street probably causes him more anxiety than the industrial corporations that make the stuff he sells. Lack of capital worries him, too, and inability to advertise, and the clerk problem, and long hours, and the limitations of his neighborhood, which seem to be shrinking year by year.

But, viewed from the standpoint of possibilities, it is difficult to believe that anybody to-day is holding the retailer down or keeping him out of anything that he ought to have, or conspiring against him. Given a little good fortune and a great deal of good health, his opportunities are as ample as anybody's. Many small dealers keep the sort of shop that General Grant would have kept, and their annual profit is a tiny thing. Yet, for the most part, even these are better off than they were before they went into retail trade, for before that they were wage-earners. For the man of genuine mercantile ability there are plenty of opportunities. The American idea, even in retailing, has developed for a generation toward shopkeeping on a wholesale or a manufacturing basis. To-day the trend in that direction is the dominant one. A young man who takes up retail trade in the belief that he can keep a retail shop in a wholesale way will find an infinite field laid out before him, with plenty of precedents and methods.

A Study in Yellows

ONE-THIRD of all the straw (the total is vast in quantity) used in the manufacture of strawboard goes to waste, the refuse of manufacture being thrown into streams to get rid of it. It gives to the water a yellowish color—a fact which has suggested the notion of utilizing straw as a source of dye. By cheap and simple chemical means the dye is extracted, affording a substance which gives to linen and other fabrics a golden-yellow tint.

It is known that sixty per cent. of the yellow color of the Mississippi is attributable to the lumber industry—that is to say, the coloring matter is derived from the bark, and, to some extent, from the heartwood, of logs.

Immense quantities of such logs are floated down streams tributary to the Mississippi, and are kept for months lying in the water at sawmills. Thus the coloring matter which they contain has time to be soaked out of them pretty thoroughly. By taking samples of water from various points on such streams, as well as from lakes in the neighborhood of lumber camps, and analyzing them, the Government experts have been able to reckon with a fair degree of accuracy the amount of pigment contributed—checking their estimates by similar analyses of the water of other streams and lakes.

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To Puget Sound

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For Automobiles, from $10 to $25, with all fittings complete to attach to any make of car. Give size of wheel and model of car when ordering.

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$75 for automobiles, registers distance, both "trip" and total, and shows speed at all times. Scientifically and permanently accurate. Only one moving part. No springs. Descriptive matter free from

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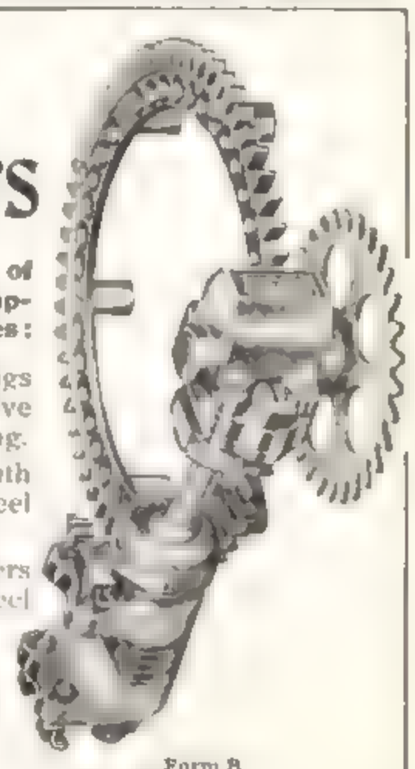

Form B Odometer for Automobiles

If you could only add a column

of figures with absolute accuracy in one-half the time that you now can; if you could multiply accurately six times as fast as you now can or divide accurately four times as fast as you now can, wouldn't it mean something to you? How much would it mean in your office? Wouldn't your value to your employer be tremendously increased? Just suppose, for instance, that you could extend your office bills and figure the discounts on them, as well as the incoming bills at a saving of fifty per cent. What would that mean in your office?

If you want to know just what your increased efficiency would mean, try a Comptometer. It's quick and it's easy, and takes all the drudgery out of work.

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AGENTS make good money selling our new sign letters for office windows, store fronts, and glass signs. Easily put on. Write to-day for a free sample and full particulars. Address METALLIC SIGN LETTER CO., 70 N. Clark St., CHICAGO, ILL.

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Our 3 books for inventors mailed on receipt of 6c. in stamps. R. S. & A. B. LACEY, Washington, D. C. Estab 1869

YOUNG LORD STRANLEIGH

(Concluded from Page 10)

"I shall give him your message, my lord."

"Do, but add to it that charming Biblical text: 'Agree with thine adversary quickly.' I think there's something about squaring up things before the sun goes down, but I sha'n't be so hasty as all that. Stock will remain at a pound during to-morrow. Next day it will rise a shilling, next day another shilling, the third day a third shilling. It's so very easy to keep count of; just make a red mark on your calendar to-day, and if he allows two weeks to go past, why, there's fourteen shillings added to the twenty he would have had to pay before."

The solicitor, who would have made an excellent actor, forced a laugh that did not sound half bad.

"Ah, you are joking now, my lord."

"I don't think so, Mr. Hahn, although I do sometimes joke unconsciously."

"You will, I am sure, give us a week to think this matter over."

"Oh, very well. Anything for the sake of peace and quietness, and an amicable settlement. I should hate Mr. Schwartzbrod to think me exacting. Now, don't go away thinking I'm reluctant to make concessions, and big ones. That's seven shillings a share I am giving you, and on seventy thousand shares—how much is that, Mr. Mackeller? You know I've no head for figures."

"Twenty-four thousand five hundred pounds."

"Why, look at that, Mr. Hahn! Here are you, who refuse to leave me those documents you carry, who have been thinking hard of me—there, don't deny it; I saw it by the expression of your countenance—here am I giving to Mr. Schwartzbrod and the delectable six a present of—of—of ——"

"Twenty-four thousand five hundred pounds," prompted Mackeller, the elder.

"Yes, twenty-four thousand five hundred pounds in hard cash, bestowing it upon men I never saw, and, up till to-day, never even heard of. I don't want to boast of my virtues, Mr. Hahn, but I doubt if you could find any man in the city who would so jauntily fling away twenty-four thousand five hundred pounds. I got the amount correct that time, Mackeller. I'm improving, you see."

"Very good, my lord. Shall I communicate with you further at this club?"

"No. Hereafter our interviews must be on a hard business basis. The generous nature of our '78 wine makes me a little open-handed. The next interview will take place at Mr. Mackeller's office in the city any time that suits your convenience, and I should be glad to have twenty-four hours' notice, because I mustn't devote my whole life to finance, don't you know, for I am rather fond of automobiling, and may be out of town."

"Thank you. Good-afternoon, my lord. Good-afternoon, Mr. Mackeller."

The solicitor departed, and Lord Stranleigh smiled at his two companions, who had sat so long silent.

"Well, my young chap," said the frowning Mackeller, drawing a deep breath, "if you ever get to understand finance, Heaven help the city!"

His lordship indulged in a laugh, then turned to Peter and said:

"I think you should resume your place at Southampton. You were seeing to the loading of a ship—what did you call it?"

"The Rajah—the steamer Rajah."

"Well, even if I am not president or board of directors, I ask you to resume that occupation. You are still officially engineer for the company, I take it?"

"Yes."

"Very well. Say nothing to anybody, but go down to Southampton, and proceed with getting the machinery and provisions into the steamer, just as if nothing had happened. If you meet any opposition, telegraph me, and I think I can overcome the obstruction."

So Peter took himself off to Southampton, and met with no obstacle in resuming his duties.

The syndicate consumed the full week, and made an appointment with Mr. Mackeller and Lord Stranleigh on the last day before the shares would begin to go up. This time Mr. Hahn did not appear, but, in his stead, came Conrad Schwartzbrod. He spent hours trying to get improved terms, and, indeed, Lord Stranleigh made him several important concessions. At last he delivered over everything that was demanded, and got from Lord Stranleigh a signed document giving Conrad Schwartzbrod full acquittance of everything he had done up to date. This document was witnessed by Mackeller, and, placing it safely in his pocketbook, the old financier cringed out of the office.

"I wouldn't have conceded an inch to him," said the stern Mackeller.

"Ah, well, what does it matter? If he'd treated a little longer, I'd have given him easier terms yet, so I'm glad he's gone."

A telegraph messenger entered the room with a dispatch for Mr. Mackeller, who tore it open, read it and swore. It was from his son.

"Do not settle with those scoundrels," it ran. "Three days ago, when I was seeing to the storing of cargo in The Rajah, I was battened down in the hold, and the steamer sailed. I was put ashore with the pilot, and have just been landed at Plymouth."

"By gad!" cried Mackeller, bringing his fist down on the desk. "That document you have signed and I have witnessed gives him quittance for this theft of the steamer. Now they are going to loot the surface gold and recoup themselves. They have three days' start of us, and it will take a week to get a steamer and fit her out."

His lordship's countenance was serene, and he blew slowly some rings of smoke up into the air.

"I can't help admiring the courage of old Schwartzbrod," he said. "Think how fine he cut it! And yet it might disturb him to know I'm a friend of the Honorable Mr. Parsons."

"What has that to do with it?" growled Mackeller.

"Nothing, except that the speed of The Rajah is seven knots an hour, and my large yacht, The Woman in White, lying in Plymouth Harbor, is fitted with Parsons' latest turbines, and can, at a pinch, steam twenty-five knots an hour. Poor old Schwartzbrod! We're going to have some fun with him, after all."

She Talked Too Much

BY HARD work I was able, before I was thirty, to save three thousand dollars, which I had deposited in a reliable savings-bank, and from which I received four per cent., and was quite well satisfied with myself.

About this time my wife called on a cousin whose husband was a speculator. She came home much dissatisfied with me and my ways. She painted in glowing terms the great business ability of her cousin's husband, told how he made from investments in grain, stocks and real estate, doubling his money in a short time. She ended by calling me a pig-headed plodder. Thus continually importuned, I began to cast about for an investment, and, by a lucky chance, hit upon a piece of property suitable for building lots, which I considered a bargain. Accordingly, I quietly negotiated for the place and a day was set to close the bargain. But meantime my wife again had visited the cousin, and, although repeatedly cautioned to keep the matter a secret, had not been able to withstand the temptation to brag of her husband's good bargain.

I went next day at the appointed hour to close the deal, only to find that John, the cousin's husband, had been there before and bought the property for a hundred dollars more than I was to pay. In less than a year he sold it for nearly twice as much as he paid.

From that time I not only watched for investments, but also for a chance to even the old score with John. Last January my chance came. I learned that he was about to buy a piece of river property which he expected to sell to a manufacturing plant. The price of this property was five thousand dollars, and, with little consideration as to its real value, I purchased it. I was offered six, seven, eight thousand dollars for it, but, filled with the desire to get rich quick, I refused. Then came the June flood. The river rose, overflowed its banks, cut a new channel and I saw my hard-earned dollars melt away like sand. The property was ruined and I found myself, next morning, not only penniless, but with a debt of two thousand dollars to pay and nothing to pay it with but a worthless piece of property. —*W. M. B.*

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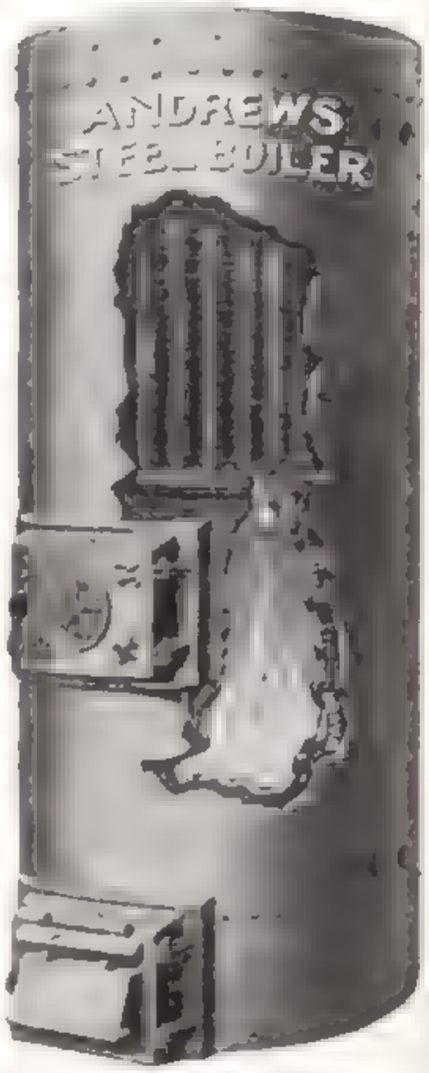

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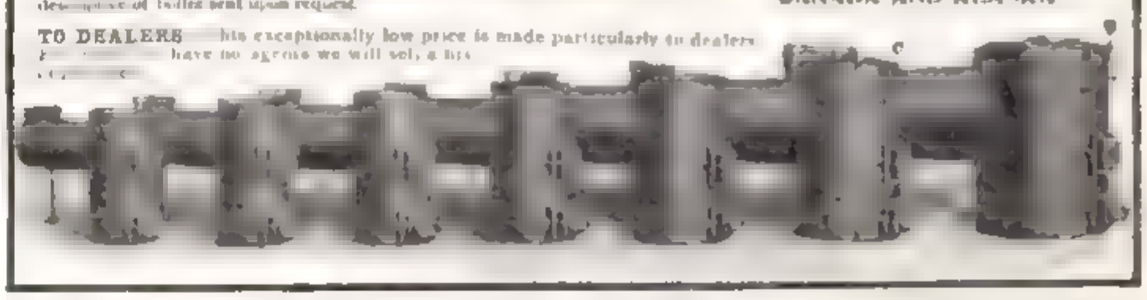

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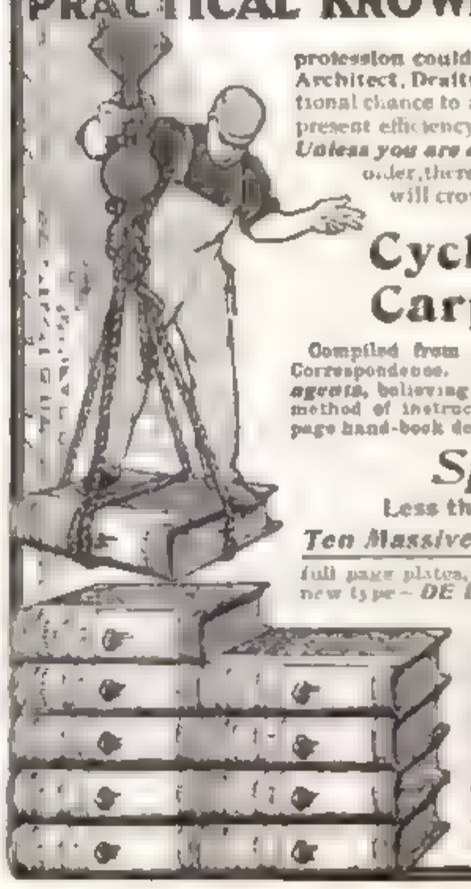

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THE MAN HUNT

(Continued from Page 13)

"Down with him!" cried McCullough, and they forced him beneath the surface.

"Ag'in!"

Down he went.

"Now up!" and they lifted him bodily up on to the floor once more, and yanked him streaming into the dressing-room. Steadman's face was a bright red, but he walked to a corner, while the two Irishmen with two little towels gently blotted the water from his back, sides and arms. His legs they left to take care of themselves.

"Ready there!" cried McCullough, giving Steadman a sharp blow that sent him staggering across the room.

"Back again!" yelled Terry, punching his victim in the chest with his open hand and sending him reeling toward McCullough.

Then they threw themselves upon him, slapping him, banging him from side to side, pulling his ears, arms and nose until he hollered for mercy, tossing him from one to the other, and swinging him at full length by his hands and feet. Finally they flung him, helpless, red and gasping for breath, upon a table. Once more they slapped him until he glowed like a lobster, and then rubbed him down with alcohol.

"On with his clothes!" shouted Ralston. "How do you feel, Jack, old man?"

"All right!" replied Steadman weakly, with a grin. "How they murdered me!"

At this moment the street bell rang and a middle-aged negro appeared with a valise, tin box and chamois-covered sword.

"Why, it's old Clarence!" ejaculated Steadman.

The negro undid the valise and took out the olive-drab khaki field uniform. In a trice he had buckled and buttoned the delinquent officer into it. From the tin box came a campaign hat. Steadman fastened on the sword himself. There were tears of feeble excitement in his eyes.

"Are you sure it's not too late?" he asked anxiously.

"I've taken my oath to get you there," answered Ralston.

"By George! You're a good fellow!" repeated Steadman. He held out his hand. "You've saved my reputation—I might almost say—my life."

Ralston took the hand held out to him the hand only a few moments before raised against him in anger. It was quite warm. McCullough had done his work well.

"You weren't yourself. You didn't realize ——" he began, and stopped. The room swam before his eyes, and he groped for a chair. With the partial accomplishment of his object, and the consequent physical and mental relaxation, the fatigue of the pursuit and the nervous strain which he had been under took possession of him. He found the chair and sank into it, shutting out the light with his hand. Steadman called McCullough, who quickly brought him something to drink. Somewhat revived, Ralston staggered to his feet eager to escape from the warmth of the overheated room and to finish his task.

"Come along, Steadman. We haven't much time. Less than an hour and a half."

"Poor old chap, you're done up!"

"No, no; I'm all right. We must be getting along."

"But we don't leave, you say, until seven!"

"I know, but we must be getting along."

"Where?"

Ralston hesitated.

"I'll tell you outside." He shuffled toward the door. Steadman followed.

On the steps he turned toward Ralston inquiringly.

"Ellen has been waiting," said the latter in a low voice, looking away.

"What do you mean? Does she know?" asked Steadman in a whisper.

"I don't know how much," replied Ralston. "She feared you were going to lose your chance—that you'd be done for, and asked me to try and look you up. She—she cares for you, I think."

Steadman uttered a groan.

"Oh, I'm a brute!" he muttered.

He looked anything but a brute in his olive-drab uniform, campaign hat and shining sword.

"A brute!" he repeated.

"Come along," said Ralston, grabbing him by the arm. They took their seats in the hansom.

"Where to?" asked the cabby monotonously.

"The Chilsworth," said Ralston.

Once more the exhausted animal climbed wearily up Fifth Avenue. A touch of yellow sunlight was just gilding the housetops on the left, and the street stretched gray and solitary northward.

"You say she's waiting?" Steadman asked nervously.

"Yes."

"For how long?"

"All night."

Steadman shuddered and bit his lip.

"How did you know where to look for me?"

"I didn't."

Ralston was beginning to feel the revivifying effects of the whisky and soda and the fresh morning air.

"'"'Twas like looking for a needle in a haystack,'" he hummed. "'Although the chance of finding it was small.'—Not an easy job, my friend."

"But I didn't know you were in New York!"

"I've only been back a few days."

"And Ellen asked you to hunt me up?"

"Ye-es."

Again Ralston felt weary, awfully weary, and sleepy.

"By George, you're a brick!"

"Oh, don't mention it!" yawned this finder of lost persons.

"But why should you? You hardly knew me!"

"Somebody had to do it."

"And that somebody had to know *how*, eh?"

"It would appear so. You'd concealed yourself pretty effectually for some time. Your friend the Colonel was getting anxious, you know."

"How on earth did you ever do it?"

"Tell you sometime," answered Ralston sleepily. "By the way, do you mind saying how long you'd been in that house?"

"Three days."

"And lost ——?"

"Twenty-seven thousand dollars."

"No one seemed to know you gambled."

"I don't. It was my first experience."

"How long has this little expedition lasted?"

"Two weeks."

The searcher glanced at his companion. Already the stimulus of the bath had succumbed to fatigue. The face was drawn and hollow; the eyes red; the mouth twitched. Ralston turned away, his old loathing and disgust returning in an instant.

The driver turned into Fifty-seventh Street, and the sun jumped above the housetops. Suddenly Steadman burst into tears, sobbing in long-drawn, hollow sobs like a wearied child, covering his face with his hands.

"Come, come; buck up! This won't do!" exclaimed Ralston.

"O God!" groaned Steadman tremulously. "I can't face her! Turn around! Anywhere!"

"You shall see her," answered the other. "And now."

Steadman wiped his eyes. His chest heaved convulsively. He had grown quite pale.

"Don't make me!" he gasped.

"You shall see her—as you are," repeated Ralston, "and thank her for having saved you from disgrace."

Steadman said nothing more. The cab drew up before the door of an apartment house.

"Here we are," said Ralston. "Get out!"

Steadman hesitated.

"Get out! Do you hear?" shouted Ralston, with anger in his eyes.

Steadman obeyed, his companion following close behind him.

Inside a darky sat fast asleep by the elevator. Ralston rapped loudly upon the glass and the man moved, rubbed his eyes and came stupidly to the door.

"Take this gentleman up to Miss Ferguson's apartment," said Ralston. "I'll wait below for you. You can have just ten minutes—understand?"

He returned to the sidewalk. The cabby had fallen asleep again. A feeling of intense loneliness swept over him. He longed to throw himself inside the hansom and rest his exhausted frame. His bones ached and his muscles seemed strange and raspy, and he kept himself awake by walking nervously backward and forward before the house. He could hardly keep his eyes from closing and his knees trembled as if he were convalescing from an illness.

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"I did it!" he repeated over and over to himself. "By George! I did it!—saved him for her. Only for me and he would be what he called himself—'a dead one.'"

The sunlight in the street grew momentarily brighter. Milk-wagons groped their way from door to door, the horses stopping undirected at the proper places, and starting up again in response to the uncouth roars of the drivers.

An elevated train rattled by the end of the street, and some workmen in overalls, conversing loudly in a foreign dialect, hurried noisily past. A few maids unchained front doors, gave the rugs feeble flaps, and eyed Ralston curiously before going inside to resume their domestic duties.

He found that he was walking in a circle. His brain had fallen asleep. He realized that he had been dreaming, but the dream was vague and indistinct. Then he heard the faint sound of distant music. A housemaid dropped her rug and ran toward the Avenue. Two pedestrians turned back in the same direction. A driver jumped into his milk-wagon and sent the horse galloping.

Ralston listened. Yes, the music was getting louder. They were playing Good-by, Little Girl, Good-by! It must be the regiment on its way from the Armory to the ferry. He looked at his watch with a lump in his throat. It was "good-by" for him as well as for Steadman. There was no longer any doubt. Perhaps he could get a commission. He'd go away, anyhow.

A hastily formed group of spectators on the corner began to wave their hats. The band was very near. A squad of figures stepping briskly in time came into view, at their head the erect form of Colonel Duer. He could recognize the other members of the staff—the adjutant, the commissary, the quartermaster, the doctor—he knew them all. On the left trudged the chaplain.

Good-by, Little Girl, Good-by!

The drum-major, following the staff, turned and swung his baton, then resumed his former position. By George, they were playing well! Ah! What a difference it made when it was real business! Just behind the band followed the field music, with old "Davie" carrying the drum.

Good-by, Little Girl, Good-by!

The drums passed and the fifers. Then at a little distance came the lieutenant-colonel and his staff at the head of the first battalion, marching full company front down the Avenue. Ralston's heart beat faster. There was where *he* could have been. How well those boys marched; just like a parade, their yellow legs eating up—eating up—eating up—eating up the ground. The band had grown fainter. You could hear the chupp—chupp—chupp—chupp of the hundreds of feet. Eyes front! No one to look at them, but eyes front! This was business. How trim they looked, each man in his olive-drab uniform, leggings and russet shoes! How set were the faces beneath the gray felt hats! How lightly they bore their heavy load of haversack, yellow blanket-roll, canteen and cartridge belt! How the sword bayonets at their sides clinked and threw back the light to the blue barrels of their Krag-Jörgensens!

Good-by, Little Girl, Good-by, came faintly from the distance. Still the yellow rows kept passing. The first battalion ended.

Then a major appeared, walking alone, followed closely by a captain and first lieutenant. Ralston strained his eyes for the yellow line behind them. Ah, there they were! Good boys! Good boys!

The even companies swung by until the battalion had passed.

Then came another major at the head of the third battalion. The third battalion! The line swept across from curb to curb with a single man behind the major—a lieutenant. Company D! Steadman's! The major's face was set in a hard frown. Ralston laughed feebly. That was all right. He'd fix that. Just wait a few minutes. His captain would be there.

The little crowd on the corner began to cheer. Another company came into view. They had the colors—the dear old colors. Ralston doffed his hat and held it to his breast, straining his glance after the flag. The pavement floated away from him and his eyes filled with hot tears. He could not see the lines of marching men, but stood staring at the corner beyond which the colors had disappeared.

Overcome with utter exhaustion, he sobbed hysterically, grasping the iron railing at his side. In a moment he got the better of himself and brushed the tears hastily away. Then a hand was laid upon his shoulder and he turned to see Ellen, her own eyes moist, and her face pale, looking up at him.

"Ellen!"

"Dick!"

That was all. At the end of the block the hospital corps with their stretchers were just passing out of sight. Steadman stood on the steps, leaning against the doorway. He grinned in a sheepishly good-natured manner at Ralston.

"Well, I found him!" the latter managed to announce in a fairly natural tone.

"So I see," answered Ellen, "and ready to report for duty."

"Well, I guess I'll say good-by," said Ralston awkwardly. "You people can have the cab as long as the horse lasts."

"No, you don't," said Steadman. "Remember, you've agreed to put me at the head of my company. You haven't done it yet! Has he, Ellen?"

"No, we intend to take you with us to the ferry," she answered with a smile.

The word "we" sent a pang through Ralston's tired heart, and for an instant the sunlight paled before his eyes.

"Come, jump in, both of you," said Ellen.

She seemed very cheerful, and, strangely enough, so did Steadman. Ralston wondered if, when people cared like that, just seeing each other again would have such a stimulating effect. For his own part he was too tired to speak. As they trotted slowly down Fifth Avenue, Ellen and Steadman kept up a lively conversation. She admired his uniform, his sword, his belt; talked of the other men and officers she knew in the regiment, and of the chagrin of Lieutenant Coffin when his captain should oust him from his temporary place at the head of the company. On Twenty-third Street, near Eighth Avenue, they overtook the regiment, and followed the remainder of the distance close behind the hospital corps. Then silence fell upon them. The actual parting loomed vividly just before them at the ferry.

Crowds of people, mostly small tradesmen and persons living in the neighborhood, had already begun to collect and follow the troops toward the place of embarkation. Ahead the band was playing Garry Owen, and the colors blazed in the sunlight. The regiment looked like a field of yellow corn waving in the breeze. About a hundred yards from the ferry-house a few sharp orders came down the line and the regiment halted—at "rest."

Steadman looked at his watch.

"Three minutes to seven," he said, snapping the case. "I guess the old man will drop when he sees *me!*"

"Just in time!" murmured Ellen.

"Drive along, cabby, to the head of the procession," added Steadman.

There was plenty of space to allow the hansom to pass near the curb, and they drove slowly along past the three battalions to where the colonel and his staff stood waiting for the gates to be opened. The band had ceased playing. The men laughed and jested, watching the lone hansom and its three occupants with interest.

At the stone posts by the entrance the cab stopped and Steadman shook hands with Ellen. The smile had gone from his face.

"Good-by, Ellen—Good-by!"

"Good-by, John," she answered.

Ralston had turned away his head.

"Well, good-by, old man! Accept the prodigal's insufficient thanks. You're a brick, Ralston. Good-by!"

Beside the hansom Steadman paused for an instant and looked up.

"Don't forget what I said, Ellen! The fellow I spoke of is 'a prince.' Good-by!"

He turned and walked rapidly to where the colonel stood talking to the chaplain. All the fatigue had vanished from his step as he drew himself up before his commanding officer and saluted.

The staff had turned to him in amazement.

"I report for duty, sir!" he said simply.

The colonel stared at him for a moment.

"Take your company, sir!" he replied tartly.

Steadman saluted again, and, grasping his sword, ran down the line, while a wave of comment and ejaculation followed just behind him.

At this moment a whistle blew inside the ferry-house, and a porter slowly swung the gates open.

The colonel drew his sword.

"Attention!" said he, glancing behind him.

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"Attention!" ordered the lieutenant-colonel.

"Attention!" shouted the majors.

As the regiment stiffened, Steadman stepped to the head of his company.

"Good-morning, Mr. Coffin," he remarked nonchalantly.

"Good-morning," replied the astounded lieutenant.

Then, as the order flew down the line, he drew his sword.

"Attention!" he cried in a clear voice.

Behind the staff the drum-major held his baton in air, and the musicians held their instruments at their lips ready for the order.

The colonel's eye flew down the line.

"Forward——!" he cried.

Down came the drum-major's baton. The band started There'll be a Hot Time!

"—March!" concluded the colonel, and, turning front, stepped forward.

"Forward—March!" shouted the lieutenant-colonel. The order was instantly repeated by the captains.

The battalion came to shoulder arms and moved forward.

"Horrard, Hutch! Horrard, Hutch!" howled the majors.

"Urrgh! Uhh! Huh! Huh!" yelled the captains.

Each company tossed its rifles into place, dressed down the line, marked step for a moment, and then flashed its hundred legs in unison to the band. The yellow field of corn once more wavered in the wind and blew slowly forward.

Ellen and Ralston sat motionless in the hansom as the battalions tramped by, each wondering of what the other thought. At the head of his company, marching with drawn sword, his head slightly bent and his gaze straight before him, came Steadman, but his eyes sought them not. He marched by. The hospital corps with their stretchers brought up the rear and disappeared through the gates. The commissariat wagons followed stragglingly. The band could be heard dimly in the distance.

Then the whistle blew again and the man who had opened the gates ran out and closed them. The Twelfth had gone—with a full quota of officers.

"The Chilsworth," said Ralston through the manhole.

The driver once more hitched the reins over the back of his moribund beast, and they started uptown.

"Dick," said Ellen suddenly, in a whisper. "Dick!"

He turned toward her inquiringly.

"Yes, Ellen?"

"I—I was mistaken last night," she said, coloring hotly and looking away from him.

"What do you mean?" cried Ralston, his heart leaping.

"That—there was only one," she answered softly, smiling through her tears, "and—and—*it wasn't*—John!"

The cabby grinned sleepily, and silently closed the manhole with a fatherly air of "God bless you, my children" illuminating his corrugated countenance.

"Hully gee!" he muttered meditatively, "I might 'a' known there was a woman mixed up in it, somehow! Glad he got her!—Git on, thar, you!"

Between the ferry-houses the boat was swinging out into mid-stream, her decks crowded with yellow figures, and across the dancing waves the wind bore the faint strains of Good-by, Little Girl, Good-by.

(THE END)

How I Lost My Savings

With All His Worldly Goods

FIVE years ago I had cents that made dollars, but no sense of judgment. To-day I have both. At that time I was engaged to be married. It was two weeks before the wedding when I went to the bank and drew out my all—six hundred and fifty dollars—to buy the household and other necessary articles to begin wedded life.

That same evening a friend of mine came to me, greatly distressed. He needed six hundred dollars to make good a shortage in his accounts, and, if he did not have that required sum by noon next day, he would be discovered and disgraced. I let him have the money on his word of honor, he promising to return it with six per cent. interest six months from date. The next day, meeting my bride-to-be, I told her of the happenings of the night before, and, after some persuasion, she was willing to postpone the wedding for another six months.

Well, to make a long story short, my friend skipped out of town three months before the money was due, and I lost a wife and a cool six hundred dollars.

Last year this great friend of mine came back to town and opened up a cigar store. I went to see him about the debt, and he calmly denied owing it. Then I ordered a couple of boxes of good cigars to be charged to my account. Do you think he would give me credit? Not he!

—*E. J. M.*

The Sub-Agent

SEATED before a little table in the dim light shed by a smoky kerosene lamp was the fortune-teller, deftly shuffling the cards and muttering uncanny incantations to herself. To this scene entered Mrs. Ingold.

She was amply repaid. After learning many things of her past life that surprised her—though she could not doubt that they were true if the cards read that way—she was led to a land of enchantment, where distant and obliging relatives, of whom she had never heard, departed this life leaving to her enormous fortunes.

But, suddenly, her dream was rudely disturbed by the discovery of a "dark cloud which menaces your handsome son."

"But," said Mrs. Ingold in surprise, "I have no son—all girls!"

"Ah!" resumed the fortune-teller calmly, "I see; it is your husband. The cloud descends and envelops him. Madam, your husband will have a very serious illness within the year. Is his life insured?"

"No," whimpered Mrs. Ingold, "I don't know any agent."

"Never fear," said the other as she turned up the king of hearts, "one will come to you to-day, and I advise you to listen to him and follow his counsel."

As the thoroughly-alarmed woman departed, the fortune-teller opened the door and yelled down the back stairs: "Jake, follow that woman; she wants to get her husband insured!" —*H. S. C.*

The Price I Paid for Advice

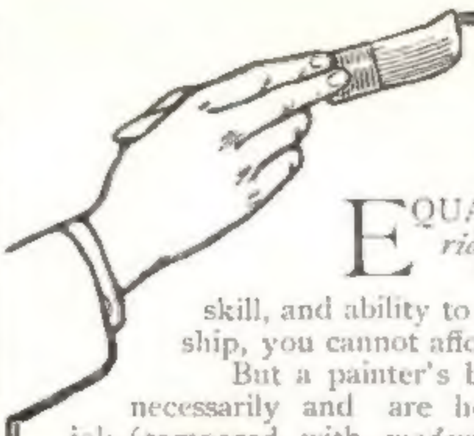
THE year 1901, long remembered in my section of the country as the year of high-priced necessities, of low-priced real estate and much lack of money, found me with only five hundred dollars to invest.

I was urgently advised by friends to purchase land in my home neighborhood—a good, sure investment, if one waited long enough—but I wanted quick profits, so I turned toward the city. I purchased a five-acre lot in suburban Memphis.

When I returned home, every possible and impossible argument was brought to bear to prove to me the foolhardiness of my purchase. So discouraged was I that I returned to the city, sought out my real-estate man and sold the place back to him at the purchase price. In eight months from the time I gave the place up a new railroad was run into the city and passed through the five-acre lot, the company paying the owner twenty-five hundred dollars.

Having given up this investment and being determined to use my own judgment this time, I went to the nearest town and purchased an eighty-acre farm one mile out, "sunk in clay," as my friends said. For this I paid my five hundred dollars and a borrowed four hundred dollars, giving two notes of three hundred dollars each, due two and three years from date, for the balance of purchase price. The land was old and worn and had little value as farm land, but we lived on it one and a half years, the income from the place paying our expenses and the interest.

During that time real estate had advanced, slowly but steadily, and I divided the place into two tracts, and sold both before either note became due for enough to cover all indebtedness and leave me a profit of five hundred dollars, though my profit was only half what it would have been had I retained the city property. —*T. J. P.*



A Good Painting Job

EQUAL judgment is required in selecting *materials* and *man*.

You need a *painter*. His knowledge and skill, and ability to look after surface, weather and workmanship, you cannot afford to dispense with.

But a painter's business is to *paint*. You are paying unnecessarily and are helping to prepare for an unsatisfactory job (compared with *modern* painting results) when you pay your painter for mixing paints in the old-fashioned rule-of-thumb way.

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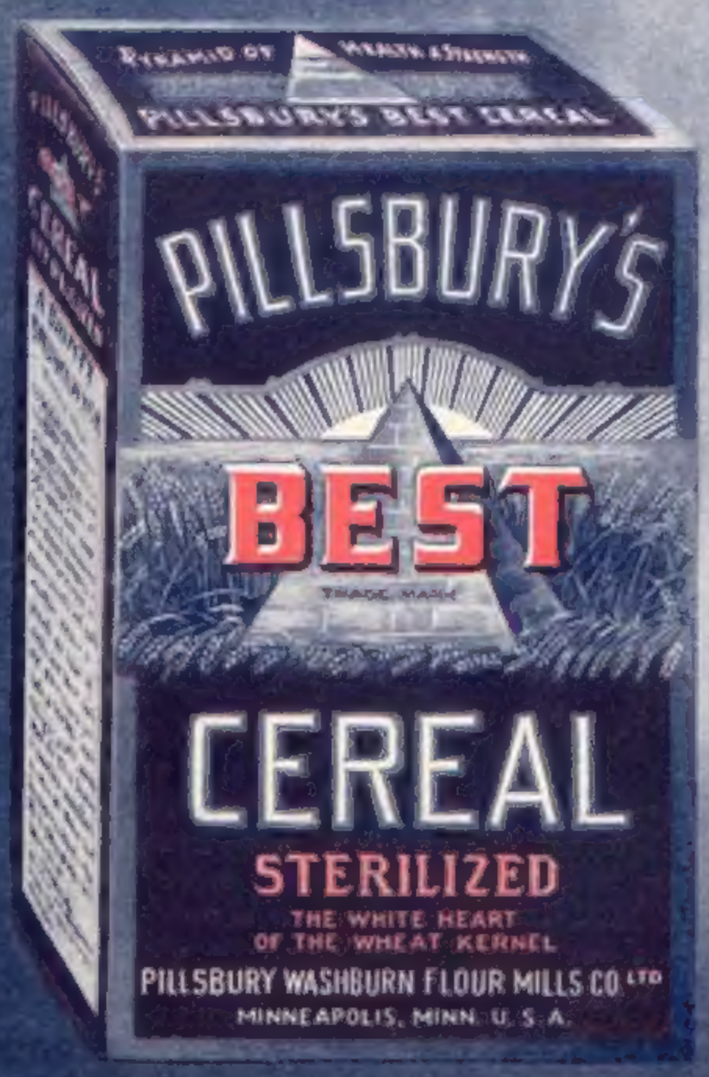

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